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THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS
EDWARD THE THIRD



**The text is based on the Quartos of 1596 and 1599
See the Preface, pp v-viii**



Edward III.

EDWARD THE THIRD

*Edited with a Preface, Notes
and Glossary by*

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'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king ;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.'

The Rape of Lucrece, 652-5.

PREFACE

Literary History. The earliest edition of our play (which, following Warnke and Proescholdt, we may for convenience call A) was published in 1596 with the title, ‘The Raigne of King Edward the third. As it hath bin sundrie times plaied about the Citiie of London. London, printed for Cuthbert Burby. 1596.’ A second edition (which with the same editors we shall call B) was printed in 1599 for the same publisher, and with the same title-page, except for the imprint, which reads, ‘Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby. And are to be sold at his shop neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.’ An examination of these editions confirms the view of Warnke and Proescholdt that A, though disfigured by numberless errors, some of which are corrected by the editor of B, is still the more authoritative edition of the two. Accordingly, the present edition, like that of Warnke and Proescholdt, and unlike most previous editions, follows in the main the text of A.

The play had been entered in the Register of the Stationers’ Company on December 1st, 1595, as follows: ‘Cutbert Burby. Entred for his copie vnder the hands of the wardens A book Intituled Edward the Third and the Blache Prince, their warres with King Iohn of Fraunce. *vid.*; and from the same Register it is inferred that, besides the two editions mentioned above,

and one of the intervening year (1597), others followed in 1609, 1617, and 1625 ; but no copy of these editions is known to exist. Dr. Furnivall (*Academy*, March 13, 1880) pointed out that *Edward III.* was included in 1656 in ‘An exact and perfect Catalogue of all *Playes* that are Printed’ at the end of T[homas] G[off]’s *Careless Shepherdess*, where, for the first time, so far as our evidence extends, the play is ascribed to Shakespeare. As, however, Marlowe’s *Edward II.* and Heywood’s *Edward IV.* are in the same bracket and the same category, the ascription is robbed of all value. It was, however, as ‘a Play thought to be writ by Shakespeare’ that Capell, in 1760, published *Edward III.* in his *Prolusiones; or, Select Pieces of ancient Poetry. Compil'd with great Care from their several Originals, and offer'd to the Publick as Specimens of the Integrity that should be found in the Editions of worthy Authors.*

Capell was the first to divide the play into acts and scenes ; he added the *Dramatis Personæ* ; and he corrected successfully, sometimes brilliantly, a great number of passages where the text of A and B was corrupt. His faults, as Warnke and Proescholdt remark, were those of his age. He often corrected needlessly, from an imperfect acquaintance with the metrical and grammatical practice of an age different from his own. He took his readings from A or B indifferently. But his edition is still to be considered a good one ; and subsequent editors, until Warnke and Proescholdt, missed their main chance of improving upon him by never resorting to the original editions of 1596 and 1599. Hence the editions of Tyrrell, Delius (whose text is followed in the *Leopold Shakspere*), Moltke, and Collier, while adding improvements to the text here and there, are far

from satisfactory, and even include a number of mere clerical blunders.

The first scholarly edition of the play in the present age is that of K. Warnke and L. Proescholdt—*Pseudo-Shakespearian Plays*, III., *King Edward III.* Halle: Max Niemeyer, 1886. These editors give a valuable introduction (in English), print the text in its Elizabethan spelling, with an *Apparatus Criticus* at the foot of each page, and add some pages of notes on points of difficulty. They differ from previous editors, as has been stated, in assigning more authority to A than to B; and having been the first since Capell to collate these early editions, they have restored in the light of modern scholarship a great number of sound readings which had been ignorantly emended. The present editor, having also collated A and B (from Malone's copies in the Bodleian Library), can testify to the carefulness and accuracy of their work. Occasionally they have suggested valuable emendations of their own, as in II. i. 338; and on the whole they have left very little for their successors to do in the matter of the text, except to suggest an improved reading here and there.

Accordingly, the text of the present edition, though in a modernised spelling, differs little from that of Warnke and Proescholdt. The most important divergences may be briefly indicated:—

In I. ii. 153, *pride* is doubtfully retained; in II. i. 3-5, *rack*, the reading of A, is followed, where Warnke and Proescholdt follow B, and the passage gains greatly in beauty and simplicity; in II. i. 82, *is* is retained where Warnke and Proescholdt needlessly prefer Capell to the original editions; in II. i. 126, *Lodwick* is read, an almost certain emendation

which Warnke and Proescholdt suggest without adopting ; in II. i. 373, *arrant* is retained, where Warnke and Proescholdt accept the arbitrary emendation, *graceless* ; in II. i. 414, *envir'd* is retained, where Warnke and Proescholdt go out of their way to be wrong with *injured*, enjoining, moreover, that it should be pronounced *inj'rèd* (!) ; in II. ii. 115, *varieties* is certainly right, and *varieties*, which Warnke and Proescholdt prefer, certainly wrong ; in III. i. 52, *game* (A) is defended, where Warnke and Proescholdt follow B in reading *gaine* ; in III. iii. 1, *guide* is defended, where Warnke and Proescholdt accept the alteration *guidance* ; in III. v. 37, Capell's beautiful emendation is accepted doubtfully, where Warnke and Proescholdt reject it for reasons which appear not to be sound ; in II. i. 68, and III. v. 58, new readings are proposed ; in IV. i. 39, *me*, as given in A B, is retained, where Capell and Warnke and Proescholdt, from some strange misunderstanding, substitute *thee* ; in IV. iv. 2, 3, their punctuation is changed for one which gives a better sense, and, as it is believed, without violating Elizabethan syntax ; in IV. vii. 26, the reading of A, *becoming* (in the sense, ' gracing, complimentary ') , is preferred to that of B, *bemoaning*, accepted by Warnke and Proescholdt ; in V. i. 138, the reading of A B is defended, where Warnke and Proescholdt follow Capell in a very strange and indefensible emendation ; in V. 233, it is suggested that *Spain* is an interpolation of a topical character which crept into the text of the early editions.

Sources and Structure. The main part of the play of *Edward III.* deals with the king's wars, and is based upon Holinshed, whose account is, however, treated, as will be seen, with great freedom. In I. i. Edward determines to wrest the

Edward the Third

PREFACE

crown of France from King John ; in III. i. the battle of Sluys takes place, followed directly, in III. ii.-v., by the battle of Cressy, after which King Edward proceeds to Calais, and the Black Prince in pursuit of the French King towards Poitiers. The battle of Poitiers occupies most of Act iv. In Act v. Queen Philippa, who, after her victory of Neville's Cross, has joined the King before Calais, obtains by her prayers the lives of the six citizens of that town ; John Copland delivers to King Edward his prisoner, David of Scotland, and is pardoned for his defiance of Queen Philippa ; the Black Prince arrives fresh from his victory of Poitiers ; and finally, Edward and Philippa, the Black Prince, David of Scotland, John of France, and John's son Philip, return to England together. This is an extraordinary perversion of the chronicler's history. The King of France until 1350 was not John, but Philip ; the battle of Sluys took place in 1340, those of Cressy and Neville's Cross in 1346, the surrender of Calais early in 1347, but the battle of Poitiers and capture of King John not till 1356. There is no historical authority for David of Scotland having been taken by Copland to France. This treatment of history is very unlike that to which we are accustomed in Shakespeare ; and we may safely say that if the play had contained these historical scenes only, Shakespeare's name would never have been breathed in connection with it.

The sketch we have given, however, does not cover all the play. Imbedded in the rest is the episode of the King's love for the Countess of Salisbury, which for an Act and a half delays the main action. This is not derived like the rest from Holinshed, except in some details about the Countess's conduct during the siege and the sudden departure of the Scots, but

from an English translation made through the French from the Italian novelist Bandello, who had himself worked very freely on what he had found in Froissart. As Dr. Furnivall says (in his valuable introduction to the *Leopold Shakspere*) : 'He [Bandello] invented the secretary and the letters ; he turned the lady's father and mother into panders to her ; he killed her husband ; he made her offer to stab herself, or be killed by the king, and then made the king offer to marry her, and actually marry her' ; after which, as the English translation says, 'shee was conveyed up into a publick place, and proclaimed Queene of England, to the exceedinge gratulacion and joye incredible of all the subjectes.' The English translator is William Painter, in whose *Palace of Pleasure* the 'xlvith Nouell' is *The Countesse of Salesburie*. This is the source of the story which occupies part of Act I. and almost the whole of Act II. of *Edward III.* The dramatist, writing for an English audience, has, however, not reproduced the latter part of the story which he found in Painter ; the Countess is not made a widow, and then rewarded for her virtue by becoming the Queen of England ; she remains a wife and repulses the king's unholy suit.

This episode, so awkwardly introduced into a not very remarkable play, is treated with astonishing power and freedom, and here and there with a touch of nature or imaginative poetry which carries a reader away. It is because many have thought that they caught in such passages the unmistakable note of the voice of Shakespeare, that the play has gained, along with the human and æsthetic interest of the episode, the intellectual interest of a difficult problem.

Authorship. External evidence of the authorship of the

play is entirely wanting. Negatively, it is important that the play is not mentioned in Meres' catalogue of Shakespeare's works made in 1598, and not included in any of the four folio editions of Shakespeare, even though the third and fourth folios contain seven additional plays now considered for the most part apocryphal. We can therefore say that the play was not recognised as Shakespeare's during his lifetime. We have seen that the ascription of it to Shakespeare in 1656 can carry no weight. It is, therefore, as stated above, on account of the internal evidence only—on account, that is, of the poetical stamp impressed on certain parts of the play, especially on the first two Acts—that many critics have felt emboldened to say, ‘Whether or no there is external authority for my opinion, *this is Shakespeare*’; some have gone so far as to say, ‘and not only this, but every line in the play’; while others strenuously deny that the hand of Shakespeare is to be traced in the play at all. The question of Shakespeare's authorship thus leads to another: ‘If not to Shakespeare, is there any known poet or poets to whom the play may be assigned?’

Capell expressed himself on this authorship question with great moderation: ‘That it was indeed written by Shakespeare, it cannot be said with candour that there is any external evidence at all; something of proof arises from resemblance between the stile of his earlier performances and of the work in question; and a more conclusive one yet from consideration of the time it appear'd in, in which there was no known writer equal to such a play; the fable of it, too, is taken from the same books which that author is known to have follow'd in some other plays, to wit, *Holinshed's Chronicle*, and a book of novels call'd the *Palace of Pleasure*. But, after all, it must be confess'd that

it's being his work is conjecture only, and matter of opinion, and the reader must form one for himself.' J. P. Collier warmly espoused the theory of Shakespeare's authorship in his essay, *King Edward III., a Historical Play by William Shakespeare* (1874), and in a letter to the *Athenaeum* (March 28, 1874), upon which Fleay remarks that the passages chosen to prove the play to be Shakespeare's from end to end were all taken from the scenes forming the love-episode. In Germany, the belief in the Shakespearian theory appears to have been held by Tieck and others, including Ulrici at the time of the first edition of his *Dramatische Kunst*, though in his third edition, after reading the play in English, he withdrew his opinion. In the *New Shakspere Society's Proceedings*, 1887-92, p. 58, will be found an abstract of an able and interesting paper by Miss E. Phipson in support of Shakespeare's authorship.

Many who hesitate to put down the whole play to Shakespeare are yet inclined to assign to him at least the love-episode. This is the view of Professor A. W. Ward in his *History of Dramatic Literature*, who, while considering the episode only to be wholly or substantially Shakespeare's, sees traces of a hand resembling his, if not his own, here and there in other parts of the play. This appears to have been also the view held by Lord Tennyson, who wrote (see Teetgen's *King Edward the Third*, 1875), 'I have no doubt a great deal of it is Shakespeare's. You have given me a great treat.' Mr. Fleay too tells us, 'In my opinion only the love-story, Act I. Scene ii., Act II., is his. Mr. Tennyson tells me, however, that he can trace the master's hand throughout the play at intervals.'

Mr. Fleay's opinion that in *Edward III.* we have to deal

with a case of divided authorship, is supported by evidence derived from an examination of the metrical characteristics of what he supposes to be the two elements of the play: 'In the episode the proportion of rhyme-lines to verse-lines is 1 to 7; in the other parts of the play 1 to 20; in the episode the proportion of lines with double endings to verse-lines is 1 to 10; in the rest of the play it is 1 to 25. These differences are far too great to allow the play to have been all written by one author at one period; and if the play be Shakespeare's work throughout, it would be necessary to suppose that the worst part of the play was written in his later time, with *Lear* and *Othello*,' i.e. long after the play was published (*Shakespeare Manual*, 1876, p. 303, etc.).

Then there are the critics who refuse to see Shakespeare's hand in the play at all. They include H. von Friesen (*Jahrbuch der Shaksp. Gesellschaft*, ii.), Ulrici (*Dramatische Kunst*, 1874, p. 95, etc.), Mr. Swinburne (*Study of Shakespeare*, p. 231, etc., *Gentleman's Magazine*, August and September, 1879), Mr. Saintsbury (*Elizabethan Literature*, p. 424), Dr. Furnivall (*Leopold Shakspere*, p. c), and Drs. Warnke and Proescholdt in their introduction to the play.

In the opinion of the present editor it is not to be thought of that Shakespeare was the author of the whole play; and, as has been stated, a great majority of modern critics take the same view. It is enough to open the play at the Third Act. The dull prolixity (without any intention of character-drawing) of Scene i. lines 7-10, 155-157, the prosaic working-out of a logical dilemma in lines 54-61, the clumsiness of lines 161-164, and the bathos of lines 38, 39, the dull sententiousness of III. ii. 20-23, the heavy logic of III. iii. 72-75, the monotony of the

verse throughout, the low level of the emotions appealed to, the absence of characterisation,—all are utterly unlike our ‘sweetest Shakespeare, fancy’s child.’ There are, indeed, even in these later Acts of the play, things here and there which make us pause, *e.g.* in IV. iv. 21, the pendants which

‘Beat the winds, that for their gaudiness
Struggles to kiss them’;

and perhaps the Prince’s speech in the same scene, lines 40-65, and his patriotic prayer in V. i. 217-235. These passages may recall to us the manner of Shakespeare; they will hardly make us accept the three last Acts in their shaping and expression as his entire work.

But the case is different with the first two Acts of the play, whether or not we agree that the difference of tone and manner is exactly coincident with the three scenes marked out by Mr. Fleay. Here we have characterisation, dramatic power, music, poetry, and some traces of that fertility of fancy, that battledore play of thought, which are, above all men’s, Shakespeare’s. It is not necessary to insist too much on Mr. Fleay’s verse-tests. Warnke and Proescholdt have shown that they are not so conclusive as they might at first sight appear. Neither should one attach too much value to the argument drawn from the use of particular words, *e.g.* that used by Mr. Fleay, that the main body of the play is not Shakespearian, because Shakespeare does not elsewhere use *ure*, *Ave Cesar*, *Bayard*, *Nemesis*, *solitariness*, *martialist*, etc.; or Warnke and Proescholdt’s retort that, on the same showing, the episode is not Shakespearian, because Shakespeare does not elsewhere use *decline subs.*, *oriental*, *persuasive*, *to sot*, *to fly* *intrans.* (II. i. 87), *foragement*, *hugy vesture*, etc. If we take

up the play of *Henry V.*, we shall find a number of words not used elsewhere by Shakespeare,¹ but no one on that account would doubt the genuineness of that play.

But if verse-tests and word-tests are only to be accepted with caution as determinants of divided authorship, it still remains a fact of weight that a large number of critics and verse-lovers have considered the love-episode the work of a more potent hand than the rest of the play, and that many have pronounced that hand to be Shakespeare's. And, perhaps, where the evidence for a belief is of that impalpable kind which rests on the tone and atmosphere and music of verse, the opinion of English critics is of more weight than that of Germans ; and that of English poets, such as Lord Tennyson, of more weight than that of mere scholars.

It is true that Mr. Swinburne takes the other view, and the soundness of his critical judgment is not to be minimised because he strangely fails to see that the words 'helly spout' in II. ii. 157 are a scribe's blunder for 'Hellespont,' and accordingly declaims *more suo* on 'this unspeakable and incomparable verse.' Would he have given us further declamation if in III. i. 33 he had found 'domestic' disguised as 'drumsticke,' as it stands in the B text? *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.* But Mr. Swinburne can afford a lapse here and there. His essay is a weighty document—if only as a poet's judgment of

¹ E.g. Currance, practic, crescive, exhibitors, miscreate, inheritrix, defunction, spirituality, to pilfer, borderers, impounded, sumless, havoc (vb.), congreeing, honeybees, contrariously, tombless, uncurb'd, chaces, gunstones, interception, uneasiness, commissioners, cowarded, to bungle, decoct, stilly (adv.), defendant (adj.), projection, captived, demonstrative, womby vaultages, streamers, rivage, sternage, linstock, portage, spirit, slobbery, surreined, savagery, whiffler, coulter, etc.

poetry—against the Shakespearian authorship of any part of our play.

It is impossible here to do more than briefly indicate some of the reasons which, with different critics, make for one side of the case or the other.

It is generally admitted that, at any rate, the author of the love-episode was a poet, with a sense of beauty in nature, and a power of fitting that beauty to words. We may take in proof the line I. ii. 14—

'Even in the barren, bleak, and fruitless air' ;

the lines II. i. 3-5, II. i. 33-36, with the transition from beauty to Marlowesque strength in the line following—

'When she would talk of peace, methinks, her tongue
Commanded war to prison' ,

II. i. 127, 128, and the simile, 279-281—

'Like as the wind doth beautify a sail,
And as a sail becomes the unseen wind,
So do her words her beauty, beauty words.'

And not only was he a poet, but a dramatist. He makes a masterly use of dramatic irony when again and again he represents the noble-minded lady as the unwitting cause of her own trouble. In I. ii. 117, 118, when Edward cries—

'Lest yielding here I pine in shameful love,
Come, we'll pursue the Scots ;—Artois, away ! '

it is the Countess who, in her innocence, would detain him in her house—

'A little while, my gracious sovereign, stay.'

The *motif* is repeated in lines 137, 138, and the last line of the scene shows the mischievous resolution taken—

‘Come on, my lords, here will I host to-night.’

The early part of Act II. Scene i., which shows us the progress of the King’s passion before his declaration of love to the Countess, is by no means undramatic; and the letter-scene, in which Lodwick produces for his poem, after infinite labour, two lines, which are most inappropriate to the King’s situation, has distinct humour, and would be effective on the stage. (Nothing in the first part of *Faust* is more effective on the stage than the scene with Mephistopheles and the student, yet even that has no *action*.)

There is something of Shakespearian exuberance of fancy in the King’s instructions to his secretary (as in Warwick’s speech, II. i. 432, etc.); something of Shakespearian audacity and masterfulness of expression in the vehement—

‘Out with the moon-line, I will none of it.
... Let’s see what follows that same moonlight-line.’

Very dramatic is the arrival of Prince Edward, heralded by the noisy drummer (II. ii. 48, etc.). The drum-beat is the note of reality, of the world of duty, breaking in on the King’s love-dreams. He gives it one line, full of the spirit of Shakespeare—

‘Poor sheepskin! how it brawls with him that beateth it!’

and then sends to have it silenced. He will dream still. But the young Prince enters; he has performed the duty committed to him, and comes to take fresh orders from his father. His face recalls that of the Queen; it raises a blush in his father’s

cheek, and brings back the noble resolution of self-mastery. But another dramatic turn occurs. It is announced that the Countess, ‘with a smiling cheer,’ is coming; again she is the agent of her own mischief, and the King’s good resolutions go to the winds.

‘Why, there it goes ! that very smile of hers
Hath ransom’d captive France !’

The brave boy Prince is dismissed, the Countess welcomed, and the soul’s defeat is excused by a sophistry.

But, in a final scene, what Prince Edward had failed to do, the Countess herself achieves. Her unquailing courage in defence of her honour—that courage which had braved in turn the King of Scotland with his hate, and the King of England with his lustful love—rouses Edward at last from his foul dream, and awakes in him once more the energy of noble action.

The episode is the work of a poet and a dramatist, and, it is admitted by most critics, of one who, if not Shakespeare, wrote at least in Shakespeare’s manner.

Moreover, it has indisputable points of contact with Shakespeare’s work. It contains one whole line, II. i. 451—

‘Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds,’

which occurs also in the 94th Sonnet, and a striking expression, ‘scarlet ornaments’ (II. i. 10), which occurs in the 142nd Sonnet. Though the Sonnets were not published till 1609, we know that they had existed in MS. long previously, and accordingly their date of publication does not decide the question whether, in the cases mentioned, the author of *Edward III.* borrowed from the Sonnets, or Shakespeare borrowed from

Edward III. (whether *Edward III.* was his own early work or not). The evidence seems rather to point to Shakespeare having in the Sonnets borrowed from *Edward III.* Mr. Tylor has pointed out that the line in the 94th Sonnet, preceding 'Lilies, etc.,' is forced, as though to bring in a rhyme to the second; and it can hardly be disputed that, in the 142nd Sonnet, the phrase 'scarlet ornaments' is far less natural than in its place in *Edward III.* Moreover, as Mr. Swinburne points out, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. iii. 100, Shakespeare uses another striking expression, 'laurel victory,' which is found also in *Edward III.* (III. iii. 190), and in this case there is no doubt who was the borrower.

Such instances, then, prove that whether or not Shakespeare was the author of the episode, he was, at any rate, unusually well acquainted with the play. This conclusion is confirmed by a number of parallelisms between *Edward III.* and Shakespearian plays of a later date, all of which cannot well have been accidental. Cf., e.g., *Edward III.* II. i. 58 with *Measure for Measure*, II. iv. 45; *Edward III.* II. i. 438, 439, with *Hamlet*, II. ii. 182; *Edward III.* V. i. 41 with *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 196. Many other such examples could be quoted.

But perhaps most striking in this connection is the general parallelism between *Edward III.* and *Henry V.* (which has been well brought out by Miss Phipson). The opening scene of *Edward III.*, in which the King is satisfied of his title to the French crown, closely corresponds to *Henry V.* I. ii.; the general contrast in the war between French arrogance and cowardice, and English duty and valour, is the same in the two plays. Prince Edward's rebuke to Audley for dreading the

odds (iv. iv. 40) has its analogue in Henry v.'s rebuke to Westmoreland ; the taunting gifts of the jennet and the prayer-book correspond to the gift of tennis-balls ; in both plays we have French sneers at the appetites of the English ; in both a roll-call of the dead after the victory. *Henry V.* is a play so glorious that it throws the war-scenes of *Edward III.* into insignificance, yet it seems clear that the author of *Henry V.* had *Edward III.* present to his mind when he so far surpassed it. If this is so, probably many will continue to think that the likeliest theory after all is that Shakespeare had himself written those parts of the play which seem to us in his manner. Dissatisfied, it may be, with the treatment of a love-story in another man's play (so they will argue), he had rewritten the whole episode, and here and there, in other parts of the play, added an improving touch which turned dross to gold. But the play was not his, all the same, and was naturally not counted as his. And they will add, perhaps (as Ulrici once suggested), that the contemptuous treatment of the Scots in the play was a sufficient cause for any author to let his share in it fall into oblivion after the house of Stuart was established on the English throne. If the episode be by Shakespeare, then the lines, II. ii. 194-197, will rightly, and naturally, be taken as a reference to Shakespeare's own poem, *Lucrece*, in spite of Warnke and Proescholdt's strange objection that no author would speak so slightingly of his own work.

In reply to such a theory, it will continue to be argued, on the other hand, that the episode is, after all, not in the manner of Shakespeare. The characterisation, it will be contended, is too faint ; the Countess is a stalking-horse of high moral sentiments like other characters in the rest of the play ; e.g. in

II. i. 235 she meets the King's temptation, not with passionate repugnance, but with a passage of ingenious dialectic. Shakespeare would be incapable of bathos such as we find in II. ii. 19, 20—

'*Der.* Artois and all look underneath the brows.
Aud. Undoubtedly then something is amiss.'

The episode, though of superior workmanship, is by the same hand as the rest of the play. 'The intelligence which moulds and informs the whole work, the spirit which pervades and imbues the general design, is of a piece, so to speak, throughout' (Swinburne). Those who argue thus have not succeeded in finding a known author to whom the play can be attributed. Ulrici, in his later edition, thinks, as Mr. Swinburne seems to think, that the play has rather the signs of a practised hand than of youthful freshness; and he suggests that it may be the work of Thomas Lodge, who, as he imitated Marlowe with some success in the *Wounds of Civil War*, may have afterwards caught the new manner of the younger Shakespeare. Any one who reads Lodge after *Edward III.* will, of course, find points of resemblance; he will find them, though perhaps fewer of them, if he reads Greene. But the connecting of Lodge's name with *Edward III.* remains nothing but a conjecture. Other critics imagine for *Edward III.* an author who has otherwise left no trace of himself. 'There were doubtless one-play men in those days,' says Dr. Furnivall, 'as there have been one-book men since.' Mr. Saintsbury takes the same view: 'I should take it to be a case of a kind not unknown in literature, where some writer of great but not very original faculty was strongly affected by the Shakespearian

influence, and wrote this play while under it; but afterwards, either by death or diversion to non-literary employment, left no other monument of himself that can be traced or compared with it.' Mr. Swinburne says, 'The author of *King Edward III.* was a devout student and humble follower of Christopher Marlowe,' who was, however, less successful in blank verse than in the rhyming verse which Marlowe helped to banish.

Perhaps, after all, we have not advanced very far since Capell: 'It must be confess'd that its being [Shakespeare's or any one else's] work is conjecture only and matter of opinion, and the reader must form one for himself.'

A valuable bibliography of *Edward III.*, by Dr. R. Sachs, will be found in the *Jahrbuch der Shakspeare-Gesellschaft* (Weimar), xxvii. p. 183.

The best thanks of the Editor are due to his friend, Mr. Walter Worrall, B.A., Worcester College, Oxford, for much valuable help, generously given in connection with the textual and other difficulties of the play.

THE REIGN OF
KING EDWARD THE THIRD

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

EDWARD THE THIRD, King of England
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son
EARL OF WARWICK
EARL OF DERBY
EARL OF SALISBURY
LORD AUDLEY
LORD PERCY
LUDWICK, Edward's Confidant
SIR WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE
SIR JOHN COPLAND
Two Esquires, and a Herald, English
ROBERT, styling himself Earl, of Artois
LORD MOUNTFORD (or MONTFORT)
GOBIN DE GRAY
JOHN, King of France
CHARLES, } his Sons
PHILIP, }
DUKE OF LORRAINE
VILLIERS, a French Lord
King of Bohemia, }
A Polish Captain, } Aids to King John
Two Citizens of Calais
A Captain, and a poor Inhabitant, of the same
Another Captain; a Mariner
Three Heralds, and four other Frenchmen
DAVID, King of Scotland
EARL DOUGLAS
Two Messengers, Scotch
PHILIP, Edward's Queen
COUNTESS OF SALISBURY
A French Woman

Lords, and divers other Attendants; Heralds
Officers, Soldiers, etc.

SCENE—Dispersed, in ENGLAND, FLANDERS, and FRANCE.

THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD THE THIRD

ACT I

SCENE I

London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Prince of Wales, Warwick, Derby, Audley, Artois, and others.

K. Ed. Robert of Artois, banish'd though thou be
From France, thy native country, yet with us
Thou shalt retain as great a signiory;
For we create thee Earl of Richmond here.
And now go forwards with our pedigree;
Who next succeeded Philip Le Beau?

Art. Three sons of his; which all, successively,
Did sit upon their father's regal throne,
Yet died and left no issue of their loins.

K. Ed. But was my mother sister unto those?

10

Art. She was, my lord ; and only Isabel
 Was all the daughters that this Philip had :
 Whom afterward your father took to wife ;
 And, from the fragrant garden of her womb,
 Your gracious self, the flower of Europe's hope,
 Derived is inheritor to France.
 But note the rancour of rebellious minds.
 When thus the lineage of Le Beau was out,
 The French obscur'd your mother's privilege ;
 And, though she were the next of blood, proclaim'd
 John, of the house of Valois, now their king : 21
 The reason was, they say, the realm of France,
 Replete with princes of great parentage,
 Ought not admit a governor to rule
 Except he be descended of the male ;
 And that's the special ground of their contempt
 Wherewith they study to exclude your grace :
 But they shall find that forged ground of theirs
 To be but dusty heaps of brittle sand.
 Perhaps it will be thought a heinous thing 30
 That I, a Frenchman, should discover this :
 But Heaven I call to record of my vows ;
 It is not hate nor any private wrong,
 But love unto my country and the right,
 Provokes my tongue thus lavish in report :
 You are the lineal watchman of our peace,
 And John of Valois indirectly climbs :
 What then should subjects, but embrace their king ?

Edward the Third

ACT I. SC. I.

And wherein may our duty more be seen,
Than striving to rebate a tyrant's pride 40
And place the true shepherd of our commonwealth?

K. Ed. This counsel, Artois, like to fruitful showers,
Hath added growth unto my dignity :
And, by the fiery vigour of thy words,
Hot courage is engender'd in my breast,
Which heretofore was rack'd in ignorance,
But now doth mount with golden wings of fame,
And will approve fair Isabel's descent
Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel
That spurn against my sov'reignty in France.— 50

[Sound a horn.

A messenger?—Lord Audley, know from whence.

[Exit Audley, and returns.

Aud. The Duke of Lorraine, having cross'd the seas,
Entreats he may have conference with your highness.

K. Ed. Admit him, lords, that we may hear the news.—
[Exeunt Lords. King takes his state.

Re-enter Lords; with Lorraine, attended.

Say, Duke of Lorraine, wherefore art thou come?

Lor. The most renowned prince, King John of France,
Doth greet thee, Edward : and by me commands,
That, for so much as by his liberal gift
The Guyenne dukedom is entail'd to thee,
Thou do him lowly homage for the same : 60

And, for that purpose, here I summon thee
 Repair to France within these forty days,
 That there, according as the custom is,
 Thou may'st be sworn true liegeman to our king ;
 Or, else, thy title in that province dies,
 And he himself will repossess the place.

K. Ed. See, how occasion laughs me in the face !

No sooner minded to prepare for France,
 But straight I am invited, nay, with threats,
 Upon a penalty, enjoin'd to come :

70

'Twere but a childish part to say him nay.—
 Lorraine, return this answer to thy lord :

I mean to visit him, as he requests ;
 But how ? not servilely dispos'd to bend,
 But like a conqueror, to make him bow.
 His lame unpolish'd shifts are come to light,
 And truth hath pull'd the vizard from his face
 That set a gloss upon his arrogance.

Dare he command a fealty in me ?

Tell him, the crown, that he usurps, is mine,
 And where he sets his foot, he ought to kneel :

80

'Tis not a petty dukedom that I claim,
 But all the whole dominions of the realm ;
 Which if with grudging he refuse to yield,
 I 'll take away those borrow'd plumes of his
 And send him naked to the wilderness.

Lor. Then, Edward, here, in spite of all thy lords,
 I do pronounce defiance to thy face.

Edward the Third

ACT I. SC. I.

Pr. Ed. Defiance, Frenchman? we rebound it back,
Even to the bottom of thy master's throat : 90
And,—be it spoke with reverence of the king
My gracious father, and these other lords,—
I hold thy message but as scurrilous,
And him that sent thee, like the lazy drone
Crept up by stealth unto the eagle's nest ;
From whence we'll shake him with so rough a storm,
As others shall be warned by his harm.

War. Bid him leave off the lion's case he wears,
Lest, meeting with the lion in the field,
He chance to tear him piecemeal for his pride. 100

Art. The soundest counsel I can give his grace
Is to surrender ere he be constrain'd.
A voluntary mischief hath less scorn,
Than when reproach with violence is borne.

Lor. Degenerate traitor, viper to the place
Where thou wast foster'd in thine infancy,
[Drawing his sword.]

Bear'st thou a part in this conspiracy?

K. Ed. Lorraine, behold the sharpness of this steel :
[Drawing his.]

Fervent desire, that sits against my heart,
Is far more thorny-pricking than this blade ; 110
That, with the nightingale, I shall be scar'd,
As oft as I dispose myself to rest,
Until my colours be display'd in France.
This is thy final answer ; so be gone.

Lor. It is not that, nor any English brave,
Afflicts me so, as doth his poison'd view,
That is most false, should most of all be true.

[*Exeunt Lorraine and Train.*

K. Ed. Now, lords, our fleeting bark is under sail :
Our gage is thrown, and war is soon begun,
But not so quickly brought unto an end.— 120

Enter Sir William Mountague.

But wherefore comes Sir William Mountague ?
How stands the league between the Scot and us ?

Moun. Crack'd and dissever'd, my renowned lord.

The treacherous king no sooner was inform'd
Of your withdrawing of our army back,
But straight, forgetting of his former oath,
He made invasion on the bordering towns.
Berwick is won ; Newcastle spoil'd and lost ;
And now the tyrant hath begirt with siege
The castle of Roxborough, where enclos'd 130
The Countess Salisbury is like to perish.

K. Ed. That is thy daughter, Warwick—is it not ?—
Whose husband hath in Britain serv'd so long,
About the planting of Lord Mountford there ?

War. It is, my lord.

K. Ed. Ignoble David ! hast thou none to grieve,
But silly ladies, with thy threat'ning arms ?
But I will make you shrink your snaily horns.—

Edward the Third

ACT I. SC 1..

First, therefore, Audley, this shall be thy charge ;
Go levy footmen for our wars in France : 140
And, Ned, take muster of our men at arms :
In every shire elect a several band.
Let them be soldiers of a lusty spirit,
Such as dread nothing but dishonour's blot :
Be wary therefore ; since we do commence
A famous war and with so mighty a nation.
Derby, be thou ambassador for us
Unto our father-in-law, the Earl of Hainault :
Make him acquainted with our enterprise ;
And likewise will him, with our own allies 150
That are in Flanders, to solicit too
The Emperor of Almaine in our name.
Myself, whilst you are jointly thus employ'd,
Will, with these forces that I have at hand,
March and once more repulse the trait'rous Scot.
But, sirs, be resolute ; we shall have wars
On every side : and, Ned, thou must begin
Now to forget thy study and thy books
And ure thy shoulders to an armour's weight.

Pr. Ed. As cheerful sounding to my youthful spleen
This tumult is of war's increasing broils, 161
As at the coronation of a king
The joyful clamours of the people are
When, 'Ave, Cæsar !' they pronounce aloud.
Within this school of honour I shall learn,
Either to sacrifice my foes to death

Or in a rightful quarrel spend my breath.
 Then cheerfully forward, each a several way ;
 In great affairs 'tis naught to use delay. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II

Roxborough. Before the Castle.

*Enter Countess of Salisbury, and certain of her People,
 upon the walls.*

Count. Alas, how much in vain my poor eyes gaze
 For succour that my sovereign should send !
 Ah, cousin Mountague, I fear, thou want'st
 The lively spirit sharply to solicit
 With vehement suit the king in my behalf :
 Thou dost not tell him, what a grief it is
 To be the scornful captive to a Scot ;
 Either to be woo'd with broad untuned oaths,
 Or forc'd by rough insulting barbarism :
 Thou dost not tell him, if he here prevail, 10
 How much they will deride us in the north ;
 And, in their vild, uncivil, skipping jigs,
 Bray forth their conquest and our overthrow,
 Even in the barren, bleak, and fruitless air.

*Enter King David and Forces; with Douglas, Lorraine,
 and others.*

I must withdraw ; the everlasting foe

Edward the Third

ACT I. SC. 2.

Comes to the wall : I 'll closely step aside,
And list their babble, blunt and full of pride.

[*Retiring behind the works.*

K. Dav. My Lord of Lorraine, to our brother of France
Commend us, as the man in Christendom
Whom we most reverence and entirely love. 20
Touching your embassage, return and say
That we with England will not enter parley
Nor never make fair weather or take truce,
But burn their neighbour towns, and so persist
With eager roads beyond their city York.
And never shall our bonny riders rest,
Nor rusting canker have the time to eat
Their light-borne snaffles nor their nimble spurs ;
Nor lay aside their jacks of gymold mail ;
Nor hang their staves of grained Scottish ash 30
In peaceful wise upon their city walls ;
Nor from their button'd tawny leathern belts
Dismiss their biting whinyards, till your king
Cry out, Enough ; spare England now for pity.
Farewell, and tell him, that you leave us here
Before this castle ; say, you came from us
Even when we had that yielded to our hands.

Lor. I take my leave, and fairly will return
Your acceptable greeting to my king. [Exit.]

K. Dav. Now, Douglas, to our former task again, 40
For the division of this certain spoil.

Doug. My liege, I crave the lady, and no more.

K. Dav. Nay, soft ye, sir, first I must make my choice ;
And first I do bespeak her for myself.

Doug. Why, then, my liege, let me enjoy her jewels.

K. Dav. Those are her own, still liable to her,
And, who inherits her, hath those withal.

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. My liege, as we were pricking on the hills,
To fetch in booty, marching hitherward
We might descry a mighty host of men ; 50
The sun, reflecting on the armour, show'd
A field of plate, a wood of pikes advanc'd ;
Bethink your highness speedily herein.
An easy march within four hours will bring
The hindmost rank unto this place, my liege.

K. Dav. Dislodge, dislodge, it is the King of England.

Doug. Jemmy my man, saddle my bonny black.

K. Dav. Mean'st thou to fight ? Douglas, we are too weak.

Doug. I know it well, my liege, and therefore fly.

Count. My lords of Scotland, will ye stay and drink ?
[Rising from her concealment.]

K. Dav. She mocks at us ; Douglas, I can't endure it. 61

Count. Say, good my lord, which is he, must have the lady,

And which, her jewels ? I am sure, my lords,
Ye will not hence, till you have shar'd the spoils.

Edward the Third

ACT I. SC. 2.

K. Dav. She heard the messenger and heard our talk ;
And now that comfort makes her scorn at us.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Arm, my good lord ! O, we are all surpris'd !

Count. After the French ambassador, my liege,
And tell him that you dare not ride to York ;
Excuse it, that your bonny horse is lame. 70

K. Dav. She heard that too ; intolerable grief !—

Woman, farewell : although I do not stay,—

[*Exeunt Scots.*]

Count. 'Tis not for fear,—and yet you run away.—

O happy comfort, welcome to our house !
The confident and boist'rous boasting Scot,—
That swore before my walls, they would not back
For all the armed power of this land,—
With faceless fear that ever turns his back,
Turn'd hence again the blasting north-east wind
Upon the bare report and name of arms. 80

Enter Mountague, and others.

O summer's day ! see where my cousin comes.

Moun. How fares my aunt ? [Why, aunt,] we are not
Scots ;

Why do you shut your gates against your friends ?

Count. Well may I give a welcome, cousin, to thee,
For thou com'st well to chase my foes from hence.

Moun. The king himself is come in person hither ;
Dear aunt, descend, and gratulate his highness.

Count. How may I entertain his majesty,
To show my duty and his dignity ?

[Exit, from above.]

Enter King Edward, Warwick, Artois, and others.

K. Ed. What, are the stealing foxes fled and gone 90
Before we could uncouple at their heels ?

War. They are, my liege ; but, with a cheerful cry,
Hot hounds and hardy chase them at the heels.

Re-enter Countess.

K. Ed. This is the countess, Warwick, is it not ?

War. Even she, my liege ; whose beauty tyrant's fear,
As a May blossom with pernicious winds,
Hath sullied, wither'd, overcast, and done.

K. Ed. Hath she been fairer, Warwick, than she is ?

War. My gracious king, fair is she not at all,
If that herself were by to stain herself, 100
As I have seen her when she was herself.

K. Ed. What strange enchantment lurk'd in those her
eyes

When they excell'd this excellence they have,
That now their dim decline hath power to draw
My subject eyes from piercing majesty
To gaze on her with doting admiration ?

Edward the Third

ACT I. SC. 2.

Count. In duty lower than the ground I kneel
And for my dull knees bow my feeling heart,
To witness my obedience to your highness ;
With many millions of a subject's thanks 110
For this your royal presence, whose approach
Hath driven war and danger from my gate.

K. Ed. Lady, stand up : I come to bring thee peace,
However thereby I have purchas'd war.

Count. No war to you, my liege ; the Scots are gone,
And gallop home toward Scotland with their hate.

K. Ed. Lest yielding here I pine in shameful love,
Come, we'll pursue the Scots ;—Artois, away !

Count. A little while, my gracious sovereign, stay
And let the power of a mighty king 120
Honour our roof ; my husband in the wars,
When he shall hear it, will triumph for joy :
Then, dear my liege, now niggard not thy state ;
Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.

K. Ed. Pardon me, countess, I will come no near ;
I dream'd to-night of treason, and I fear.

Count. Far from this place let ugly treason lie !

K. Ed. No farther off than her conspiring eye,
Which shoots infected poison in my heart
Beyond repulse of wit or cure of art. 130
Now in the sun alone it doth not lie
With light to take light from a mortal eye ;
For here two day-stars, that mine eyes would see,
More than the sun, steals mine own light from me.

Contemplative desire ! desire to be
 In contemplation, that may master thee !
 Warwick, Artois, to horse, and let's away !

Count. What might I speak, to make my sovereign
 stay ?

K. Ed. What needs a tongue to such a speaking eye
 That more persuades than winning oratory ? 140

Count. Let not thy presence, like the April sun,
 Flatter our earth and suddenly be done.
 More happy do not make our outward wall
 Than thou wilt grace our inner house withal.
 Our house, my liege, is like a country swain,
 Whose habit rude and manners blunt and plain
 Presageth nought, yet inly beautified
 With bounty's riches and fair hidden pride :
 For, where the golden ore doth buried lie,
 The ground, undeck'd with nature's tapestry, 150
 Seems barren, sere, unfertile, fruitless, dry ;
 And where the upper turf of earth doth boast
 His pride, perfumes and parti-colour'd cost,
 Delve there, and find this issue and their pride
 To spring from ordure and corruption's side.
 But, to make up my all too long compare,
 These ragged walls no testimony are
 What is within ; but, like a cloak, doth hide,
 From weather's waste, the under-garnish'd pride.
 More gracious than my terms can let thee be, 160
 Intreat thyself to stay a while with me.

Edward the Third

ACT I. SC. 2.

K. Ed. As wise as fair ; what fond fit can be heard
When wisdom keeps the gate as beauty's guard ?—
Countess, albeit my business urgeth me,
It shall attend while I attend on thee.—
Come on, my lords, here will I host to-night.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I

The Same. Gardens of the Castle.

Enter Lodwick.

Lod. I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,
His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance ;
And changing passion, like inconstant clouds
That rack upon the carriage of the winds,
Increase and die in his disturbed cheeks.
Lo, when she blush'd, even then did he look pale,
As if her cheeks, by some enchanted power,
Attracted had the cherry blood from his :
Anon, with reverent fear when she grew pale,
His checks put on their scarlet ornaments, 10
But no more like her oriental red,
Than brick to coral or live things to dead.
Why did he then thus counterfeit her looks ?
If she did blush, 'twas tender modest shame,
Being in the sacred presence of a king ;

If he did blush, 'twas red immodest shame,
 To vail his eyes amiss, being a king :
 If she look'd pale, 'twas silly woman's fear,
 To bear herself in presence of a king ;
 If he look'd pale, it was with guilty fear, 20
 To dote amiss, being a mighty king :
 Then, Scottish wars, farewell ! I fear, 'twill prove
 A ling'ring English siege of peevish love.
 Here comes his highness, walking all alone.

Enter King Edward.

- K. *Ed.* She is grown more fairer far since I came
 hither ;
 Her voice more silver every word than other,
 Her wit more fluent : what a strange discourse
 Unfolded she of David and his Scots !
 'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he spake,'—and then spoke
 broad,
 With epithets and accents of the Scot ; 30
 But somewhat better than the Scot could speak :
 'And thus,' quoth she,—and answer'd then herself;
 For who could speak like her ? but she herself
 Breathes from the wall an angel's note from heaven
 Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.
 When she would talk of peace, methinks, her
 tongue
 Commanded war to prison ; when of war,
 It waken'd Cæsar from his Roman grave,

To hear war beautified by her discourse.
 Wisdom is foolishness, but in her tongue, 40
 Beauty a slander, but in her fair face :
 There is no summer, but in her cheerful looks,
 Nor frosty winter, but in her disdain.
 I cannot blame the Scots that did besiege her,
 For she is all the treasure of our land ;
 But call them cowards, that they ran away,
 Having so rich and fair a cause to stay.—
 Art thou there, Lodwick ? give me ink and paper.

Lod. I will, my sovereign.

K. Ed. And bid the lords hold on their play at chess,
 For we will walk and meditate alone. 51

Lod. I will, my liege. [Exit.]

K. Ed. This fellow is well read in poetry
 And hath a lusty and persuasive spirit :
 I will acquaint him with my passion ;
 Which he shall shadow with a veil of lawn,
 Through which the queen of beauty's queens shall
 see
 Herself the ground of my infirmity.—

Re-enter Lodwick.

Hast thou pen, ink, and paper ready, Lodwick ?

Lod. Ready, my liege. 60

K. Ed. Then in the summer arbour sit by me,
 Make it our council-house, or cabinet ;
 Since green our thoughts, green be the conventicle

Where we will ease us by disburd'ning them.
Now, Lodwick, invoke some golden muse
To bring thee hither an enchanted pen
That may, for sighs, set down true sighs indeed ;
Talking of grief, to make thee ready groan ;
And, when thou writ'st of tears, encouch the word,
Before and after, with such sweet laments, 70
That it may raise drops in a Tartar's eye,
And make a flint-heart Scythian pitiful :
For so much moving hath a poet's pen ;
Then, if thou be a poet, move thou so,
And be enriched by thy sovereign's love.
For, if the touch of sweet concordant strings
Could force attendance in the ears of hell ;
How much more shall the strains of poet's wit
Beguile and ravish soft and human minds ?

Lod. To whom, my lord, shall I direct my style? 80
K. Ed. To one that shames the fair and sots the wise ;

Whose body is an abstract or a brief,
Contains each general virtue in the world.
Better than beautiful, thou must begin ;
Devise for fair a fairer word than fair ;
And every ornament, that thou wouldest praise,
Fly it a pitch above the soar of praise :
For flattery fear thou not to be convicted ;
For, were thy admiration ten times more,
Ten times ten thousand more the worth exceeds, 90

Of that thou art to praise, thy praise's worth.
 Begin, I will to contemplate the while :
 Forget not to set down, how passionate,
 How heart-sick, and how full of languishment,
 Her beauty makes me.

- Lod.* Write I to a woman ?
K. Ed. What beauty else could triumph over me ;
 Or who, but women, do our love-lays greet ?
 What, think'st thou I did bid thee praise a horse ?
Lod. Of what condition or estate she is,
 'Twere requisite that I should know, my lord. 100
K. Ed. Of such estate, that hers is as a throne,

And my estate the footstool where she treads :
 Then may'st thou judge what her condition is,
 By the proportion of her mightiness.
 Write on, while I peruse her in my thoughts.

.
 Her voice to music, or the nightingale :
 To music every summer-leaping swain
 Compares his sun-burnt lover when she speaks :
 And why should I speak of the nightingale ?
 The nightingale sings of adulterate wrong ; 110
 And that, compar'd, is too satirical :
 For sin, though sin, would not be so esteem'd ;
 But, rather, virtue sin, sin virtue deem'd.
 Her hair, far softer than the silkworm's twist,
 Like to a flattering glass, doth make more fair
 The yellow amber : 'like a flattering glass'

Comes in too soon ; for, writing of her eyes,
 I'll say, that like a glass they catch the sun,
 And thence the hot reflection doth rebound
 Against my breast, and burns my heart within. 120
 Ah, what a world of descant makes my soul
 Upon this voluntary ground of love !—
 Come, Lodwick, hast thou turn'd thy ink to gold ?
 If not, write but in letters capital
 My mistress' name, and it will gild thy paper.
 Read, Lodwick, read ;
 Fill thou the empty hollows of mine ears
 With the sweet hearing of thy poetry.

Lod. I have not to a period brought her praise.

K. Ed. Her praise is as my love, both infinite, 130

Which apprehend such violent extremes
 That they disdain an ending period.
 Her beauty hath no match but my affection ;
 Hers more than most, mine most, and more than
 more :

Hers more to praise than tell the sea by drops ;
 Nay, more, than drop the massy earth by sands,
 And, sand by sand, print them in memory :
 Then wherefore talk'st thou of a period,
 To that which craves unended admiration ?

Read, let us hear.

140

Lod. 'More fair and chaste than is the queen of
 shades,'—

K. Ed. That line hath two faults, gross and palpable :

Compar'st thou her to the pale queen of night,
 Who, being set in dark, seems therefore light?
 What is she, when the sun lifts up his head,
 But like a fading taper, dim and dead?
 My love shall brave the eye of heaven at noon,
 And, being unmask'd, outshine the golden sun.

Lod. What is the other fault, my sovereign lord?

K. Ed. Read o'er the line again.

Lod. ‘More fair and chaste,’— 150

K. Ed. I did not bid thee talk of chastity,
 To ransack so the treasure of her mind ;
 For I had rather have her chas'd, than chaste.
 Out with the moon-line, I will none of it,
 And let me have her likend to the sun :
 Say, she hath thrice more splendour than the sun,
 That her perfections emulates the sun,
 That she breeds sweets as plenteous as the sun,
 That she doth thaw cold winter like the sun,
 That she doth cheer fresh summer like the sun, 160
 That she doth dazzle gazers like the sun :
 And, in this application to the sun,
 Bid her be free and general as the sun ;
 Who smiles upon the basest weed that grows,
 As lovingly as on the fragrant rose.
 Let's see what follows that same moon-light line.

Lod. ‘More fair and chaste than is the queen of
 shades ;
 More bold in constancy’—

Edward the Third

ACT II. SC. I.

K. Ed. In constancy ! than who ?

Lod. —‘than Judith was.’

K. Ed. O monstrous line ! Put in the next a sword, 170
And I shall woo her to cut off my head.

Blot, blot, good Lodwick ! Let us hear the next.

Lod. There’s all that yet is done.

K. Ed. I thank thee then, thou hast done little ill ;
But what is done, is passing passing ill.
No, let the captain talk of boist’rous war ;
The prisoner, of immured dark constraint ;
The sick man best sets down the pangs of death ;
The man that starves, the sweetness of a feast ;
The frozen soul, the benefit of fire ; 180
And every grief, his happy opposite :
Love cannot sound well, but in lovers’ tongues ;
Give me the pen and paper, I will write.—

Enter Countess.

But, soft, here comes the treasurer of my spirit.—
Lodwick, thou know’st not how to draw a battle ;
These wings, these flankers, and these squadrons
Argue in thee defective discipline :
Thou shouldst have plac’d this here, this other here.

Count. Pardon my boldness, my thrice-gracious lord ;
Let my intrusion here be call’d my duty, 190
That comes to see my sovereign how he fares.

K. Ed. Go, draw the same, I tell thee in what form.

Lod. I go.

[*Exit.*

Count. Sorry I am, to see my liege so sad :

What may thy subject do, to drive from thee
Thy gloomy consort, sullen melancholy ?

K. Ed. Ah, lady, I am blunt, and cannot straw
The flowers of solace in a ground of shame :
Since I came hither, countess, I am wrong'd.

Count. Now, God forbid, that any in my house 200
Should think my sovereign wrong ! Thrice-gentle
king,

Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.

K. Ed. How near then shall I be to remedy ?

Count. As near, my liege, as all my woman's power
Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.

K. Ed. If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress :
Engage thy power to redeem my joys,
And I am joyful, countess ; else, I die.

Count. I will, my liege.

K. Ed. Swear, countess, that thou wilt.

Count. By Heaven, I will. 210

K. Ed. Then take thyself a little way aside,
And tell thyself, a king doth dote on thee :
Say that within thy power [it] doth lie
To make him happy, and that thou hast sworn
To give him all the joy within thy power :
Do this ; and tell me, when I shall be happy.

Count. All this is done, my thrice-dread sovereign :
That power of love, that I have power to give,

Thou hast with all devout obedience ;
 Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof. 220

K. Ed. Thou hear'st me say, that I do dote on thee.

Count. If on my beauty, take it if thou canst ;
 Though little, I do prize it ten times less :
 If on my virtue, take it if thou canst ;
 For virtue's store by giving doth augment :
 Be it on what it will, that I can give
 And thou canst take away, inherit it.

K. Ed. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.

Count. O, were it painted, I would wipe it off
 And dispossess myself, to give it thee. 230
 But, sovereign, it is solder'd to my life ;
 Take one, and both ; for, like an humble shadow,
 It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life.

K. Ed. But thou may'st lend it me, to sport withal.

Count. As easy may my intellectual soul
 Be lent away, and yet my body live,
 As lend my body, palace to my soul,
 Away from her, and yet retain my soul.
 My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
 And she an angel, pure, divine, unspotted ; 240
 If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,
 I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me.

K. Ed. Didst thou not swear, to give me what I would ?

Count. I did, my liege ; so, what you would, I could.

K. Ed. I wish no more of thee than thou may'st give,
 Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy ;

That is, thy love ; and, for that love of thine,
In rich exchange, I tender to thee mine.

Count. But that your lips were sacred, my lord,
You would profane the holy name of love. 250
 That love, you offer me, you cannot give,
For Cæsar owes that tribute to his queen :
 That love, you beg of me, I cannot give,
For Sara owes that duty to her lord.
 He that doth clip or counterfeit your stamp
Shall die, my lord : and will your sacred self
Commit high treason against the King of Heaven,
To stamp his image in forbidden metal,
Forgetting your allegiance and your oath ?
 In violating marriage' sacred law, 260
 You break a greater honour than yourself :
 To be a king, is of a younger house
 Than to be married ; your progenitor,
 Sole-reigning Adam on the universe,
 By God was honour'd for a married man,
 But not by him anointed for a king.
 It is a penalty to break your statutes,
 Though not enacted with your highness' hand :
 How much more, to infringe the holy act
 Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand ? 270
 I know, my sovereign—in my husband's love,
 Who now doth loyal service in his wars—
 Doth but to try the wife of Salisbury,
 Whether she will hear a wanton's tale, or no ;

Lest being therein guilty by my stay,
From that, not from my liege, I turn away.

[*Exit.*]

K. Ed. Whether is her beauty by her words divine,
Or are her words sweet chaplains to her beauty?
Like as the wind doth beautify a sail,
And as a sail becomes the unseen wind, 280
So do her words her beauty, beauty words.
O, that I were a honey-gathering bee,
To bear the comb of virtue from his flower;
And not a poison-sucking envious spider,
To turn the juice I take to deadly venom!
Religion is austere, and beauty gentle;
Too strict a guardian for so fair a ward.
O, that she were, as is the air, to me!
Why, so she is; for, when I would embrace her,
This do I, and catch nothing but myself. 290
I must enjoy her; for I cannot beat,
With reason and reproof, fond love away.

Enter Warwick.

Here comes her father: I will work with him,
To bear my colours in this field of love.

War. How is it, that my sovereign is so sad?
May I with pardon know your highness' grief,
And that my old endeavour will remove it,
It shall not cumber long your majesty.

K. Ed. A kind and voluntary gift thou proffer'st,

That I was forward to have begg'd of thee. 300
 But, O thou world, great nurse of flattery,
 Why dost thou tip men's tongues with golden words
 And peise their deeds with weight of heavy lead,
 That fair performance cannot follow promise?
 O, that a man might hold the heart's close book,
 And choke the lavish tongue when it doth utter
 The breath of falsehood not character'd there!

War. Far be it from the honour of my age
 That I should owe bright gold and render lead!
 Age is a cynic, not a flatterer: 310

I say again, that, if I knew your grief,
 And that by me it may be lessened,
 My proper harm should buy your highness' good.

K. Ed. These are the vulgar tenders of false men,
 That never pay the duty of their words.
 Thou wilt not stick to swear what thou hast said;
 But, when thou know'st my grief's condition,
 This rash-disgorged vomit of thy word
 Thou wilt eat up again, and leave me helpless.

War. By Heaven, I will not, though your majesty 320
 Did bid me run upon your sword and die.

K. Ed. Say, that my grief is no way med'cinalle,
 But by the loss and bruising of thine honour?

War. If nothing but that loss may vantage you,
 I would account that loss my vantage too.

K. Ed. Think'st that thou canst unswear thy oath
 again?

Edward the Third

ACT II. SC. I.

War. I cannot ; nor I would not, if I could.

K. Ed. But, if thou dost, what shall I say to thee ?

War. What may be said to any perjur'd villain

That breaks the sacred warrant of an oath. 330

K. Ed. What wilt thou say to one that breaks an oath ?

War. That he hath broke his faith with God and man

And from them both stands excommunicate.

K. Ed. What office were it to suggest a man

To break a lawful and religious vow ?

War. An office for the devil, not for man.

K. Ed. That devil's office must thou do for me ;

Or break thy oath and cancel all the bonds
Of love and duty 'twixt thyself and me.

And therefore, Warwick, if thou art thyself, 340

The lord and master of thy word and oath,

Go to thy daughter, and in my behalf

Command her, woo her, win her any ways,

To be my mistress and my secret love.

I will not stand to hear thee make reply ;

Thy oath break hers, or let thy sovereign die.

[*Exit.*

War. O doting king ! O detestable office !

Well may I tempt myself to wrong myself,

When he hath sworn me by the name of God

To break a vow made by the name of God. 350

What if I swear by this right hand of mine

To cut this right hand off? the better way

Were to profane the idol than confound it :

But neither will I do ; I'll keep mine oath
 And to my daughter make a recantation
 Of all the virtue I have preach'd to her.
 I'll say, she must forget her husband Salisbury,
 If she remember to embrace the king ;
 I'll say, an oath may easily be broken,
 But not so easily pardon'd, being broken ; 360
 I'll say, it is true charity to love,
 But not true love to be so charitable ;
 I'll say, his greatness may bear out the shame,
 But not his kingdom can buy out the sin ;
 I'll say, it is my duty to persuade,
 But not her honesty to give consent.

Enter Countess.

See, where she comes : was never father, had
 Against his child an embassage so bad.

Count. My lord and father, I have sought for you :
 My mother and the peers importune you 370
 To keep in presence of his majesty
 And do your best to make his highness merry.

War. How shall I enter in this arrant errand ?
 I must not call her child ; for where's the father
 That will, in such a suit, seduce his child ?
 Then, Wife of Salisbury,—shall I so begin ?
 No, he's my friend ; and where is found the friend,
 That will do friendship such endamagement ?—

Edward the Third

ACT II. SC. I.

[*To the Countess.*] Neither my daughter, nor my dear friend's wife,

I am not Warwick, as thou think'st I am, 380

But an attorney from the court of hell ;

That thus have hous'd my spirit in his form,

To do a message to thee from the king.

The mighty King of England dotes on thee :

He that hath power to take away thy life

Hath power to take thine honour ; then consent

To pawn thine honour, rather than thy life :

Honour is often lost and got again ;

But life, once gone, hath no recovery.

The sun, that withers hay, doth nourish grass ; 390

The king that would disdain thee will advance thee.

The poets write that great Achilles' spear

Could heal the wound it made : the moral is,

What mighty men misdo, they can amend.

The lion doth become his bloody jaws

And grace his foragement, by being mild

When vassal fear lies trembling at his feet.

The king will in his glory hide thy shame ;

And those that gaze on him to find out thee

Will lose their eyesight, looking in the sun. 400

What can one drop of poison harm the sea,

Whose hugy vastures can digest the ill

And make it lose his operation ?

The king's great name will temper thy misdeeds,

And give the bitter potion of reproach

A sugar'd-sweet and most delicious taste :
 Besides, it is no harm, to do the thing
 Which without shame could not be left undone.
 Thus have I, in his majesty's behalf,
 Apparell'd sin in virtuous sentences, 410
 And dwell upon thy answer in his suit.

Count. Unnatural besiege ! Woe me unhappy,
 To have escap'd the danger of my foes
 And to be ten times worse envir'd by friends !
 Hath he no means to stain my honest blood,
 But to corrupt the author of my blood
 To be his scandalous and vile solicitor ?
 No marvel, though the branches be then infected,
 When poison hath encompassed the root :
 No marvel, though the leprous infant die, 420
 When the stern dam envenometh the dug.
 Why then, give sin a passport to offend,
 And youth the dangerous rein of liberty :
 Blot out the strict forbidding of the law ;
 And cancel every canon, that prescribes
 A shame for shame or penance for offence.
 No, let me die, if his too boist'rous will
 Will have it so, before I will consent
 To be an actor in his graceless lust.

War. Why, now thou speak'st as I would have thee
 speak : 430
 And mark how I unsay my words again.
 An honourable grave is more esteem'd,

Than the polluted closet of a king :
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good or bad, that he shall undertake :
An unreputed mote, flying in the sun,
Presents a greater substance than it is :
The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss :
Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe : 440
That sin doth ten times aggravate itself,
That is committed in a holy place :
An evil deed, done by authority,
Is sin and subornation : deck an ape
In tissue, and the beauty of the robe
Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast.
A spacious field of reasons could I urge
Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame :
That poison shows worst in a golden cup ;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning-flash ; 450
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds ;
And every glory that inclines to sin,
The shame is treble by the opposite.
So leave I, with my blessing in thy bosom ;
Which then convert to a most heavy curse,
When thou convert'st from honour's golden name
To the black faction of bed-blotting shame ! [Exit.
Count. I'll follow thee ; and, when my mind turns so,
My body sink my soul in endless woe ! [Exit.

SCENE II

The Same. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Derby and Audley, meeting.

Der. Thrice-noble Audley, well encounter'd here :
How is it with our sovereign and his peers ?

Aud. 'Tis full a fortnight since I saw his highness,
What time he sent me forth to muster men ;
Which I accordingly have done, and bring them
hither

In fair array before his majesty.

What news, my Lord of Derby, from the Emperor ?

Der. As good as we desire : the Emperor
Hath yielded to his highness friendly aid ;
And makes our king lieutenant-general 10
In all his lands and large dominions :
Then *via* for the spacious bounds of France !

Aud. What, doth his highness leap to hear these news ?

Der. I have not yet found time to open them ;
The king is in his closet, malcontent,
For what, I know not, but he gave in charge,
Till after dinner, none should interrupt him :
The Countess Salisbury, and her father Warwick,
Artois, and all, look underneath the brows.

Aud. Undoubtedly then something is amiss. 20
[Trumpet within.]

Der. The trumpets sound ; the king is now abroad.

Enter King Edward.

Aud. Here comes his highness.

Der. Befall my sovereign all my sovereign's wish !

K. Ed. Ah, that thou wert a witch, to make it so !

Der. The emperor greeteth you : [Presenting letters.]

K. Ed. Would it were the countess !

Der. And hath accorded to your highness' suit.

K. Ed. Thou liest, she hath not ; but I would, she had !

Aud. All love and duty to my lord the king !

K. Ed. Well, all but one is none :—what news with you ?

Aud. I have, my liege, levied those horse and foot, 30
According to your charge, and brought them hither.

K. Ed. Then let those foot trudge hence upon those horse,

According to our discharge, and be gone.—

Derby,

I'll look upon the countess' mind anon.

Der. The countess' mind, my liege ?

K. Ed. I mean the emperor : leave me alone.

Aud. What's in his mind ?

Der. Let's leave him to his humour.

[*Exeunt Derby and Audley.*]

K. Ed. Thus from the heart's abundance speaks the tongue ;

Countess for emperor : and, indeed, why not ? 40
 She is as imperator over me ;
 And I to her
 Am as a kneeling vassal that observes
 The pleasure or displeasure of her eye.—

Enter Lodwick.

What says the more than Cleopatra's match
 To Cæsar now ?

Lod. That yet, my liege, ere night
 She will resolve your majesty. [Drum within.]

K. Ed. What drum is this, that thunders forth this
 march,
 To start the tender Cupid in my bosom ?
 Poor sheep-skin, how it brawls with him that
 beateth it ! 50

Go, break the thund'ring parchment-bottom out,
 And I will teach it to conduct sweet lines
 Unto the bosom of a heavenly nymph :
 For I will use it as my writing-paper ;
 And so reduce him, from a scolding drum,
 To be the herald and dear counsel-bearer
 Betwixt a goddess and a mighty king.
 Go, bid the drummer learn to touch the lute,
 Or hang him in the braces of his drum ;
 For now we think it an uncivil thing, 60
 To trouble heaven with such harsh resounds :
 Away.— [Exit Lodwick.]

The quarrel, that I have, requires no arms
 But these of mine ; and these shall meet my foe
 In a deep march of penetrable groans :
 My eyes shall be my arrows ; and my sighs
 Shall serve me as the vantage of the wind,
 To whirl away my sweet'st artillery :
 Ah but, alas, she wins the sun of me,
 For that is she herself ; and thence it comes 70
 That poets term the wanton warrior blind ;
 But love hath eyes as judgment to his steps,
 Till too-much-loved glory dazzles them.—

Re-enter Lodwick.

How now ?

Lod. My liege, the drum that struck the lusty march
 Stands with Prince Edward, your thrice-valiant
 son.

Enter Prince Edward. *Lodwick retires to the door.*

K. Ed. I see the boy. O, how his mother's face,
 Modell'd in his, corrects my stray'd desire
 And rates my heart and chides my thievish eye ;
 Who being rich enough in seeing her, 80
 Yet seeks elsewhere : and basest theft is that,
 Which cannot cloak itself on poverty.—
 Now, boy, what news ?

Pr. Ed. I have assembled, my dear lord and father,

The choicest buds of all our English blood
 For our affairs to France ; and here we come,
 To take direction from your majesty.

K. Ed. Still do I see in him delineate

His mother's visage ; those his eyes are hers,
 Who looking wistly on me make me blush ; 90
 For faults against themselves give evidence :
 Lust is a fire ; and men, like lanthorns, show
 Light lust within themselves, even through themselves.

Away, loose silks of wavering vanity !
 Shall the large limit of fair Brittany
 By me be overthrown ? and shall I not
 Master this little mansion of myself ?
 Give me an armour of eternal steel ;
 I go to conquer kings ; and shall I then
 Subdue myself and be my enemy's friend ? 100
 It must not be.—Come, boy, forward, advance !
 Let's with our colours sweet the air of France.

Lod. My liege, the countess with a smiling cheer
 Desires access unto your majesty.

[*Advancing from the door, and whispering to him.*

K. Ed. Why, there it goes ! that very smile of hers
 Hath ransom'd captive France, and set the king,
 The Dauphin, and the peers, at liberty.—
 Go, leave me, Ned, and revel with thy friends.

[*Exit Prince.*

Thy mother is but black ; and thou, like her,

Edward the Third

ACT II. SC. 2.

Dost put into my mind how foul she is.— 110
Go, fetch the countess hither in thy hand
And let her chase away those winter clouds ;
For she gives beauty both to heaven and earth.

[*Exit Lodwick.*]

The sin is more to hack and hew poor men,
Than to embrace in an unlawful bed
The register of all rareties
Since leathern Adam till this youngest hour.

Re-enter Lodwick, with the Countess.

Go, Lodwick, put thy hand into my purse,
Play, spend, give, riot, waste ; do what thou wilt,
So thou wilt hence a while and leave me here. 120

[*Exit Lodwick.*]

Now, my soul's playfellow ! art thou come,
To speak the more than heavenly word of *yea*
To my objection in thy beauteous love ?

Count. My father on his blessing hath commanded—

K. Ed. That thou shalt yield to me.

Count. Ay, dear my liege, your due.

K. Ed. And that, my dearest love, can be no less
Than right for right and tender love for love.

Count. Than wrong for wrong and endless hate for
hate.

But,—sith I see your majesty so bent, 130
That my unwillingness, my husband's love,

Your high estate, nor no respect respected
 Can be my help, but that your mightiness
 Will overbear and awe these dear regards,—
 I bind my discontent to my content,
 And, what I would not, I'll compel I will ;
 Provided that yourself remove those lets
 That stand between your highness' love and mine.

K. Ed. Name them, fair countess, and, by Heaven, I will.

Count. It is their lives, that stand between our love, 140
 That I would have chok'd up, my sovereign.

K. Ed. Whose lives, my lady?

Count. My thrice-loving liege,
 Your queen, and Salisbury my wedded husband ;
 Who living have that title in our love
 That we can not bestow but by their death.

K. Ed. Thy opposition is beyond our law.

Count. So is your desire : if the law
 Can hinder you to execute the one,
 Let it forbid you to attempt the other :
 I cannot think you love me as you say 150
 Unless you do make good what you have sworn.

K. Ed. No more ; thy husband and the queen shall die.
 Fairer thou art by far than Hero was ;
 Beardless Leander not so strong as I :
 He swum an easy current for his love ;
 But I will through a Hellespont of blood
 To arrive at Sestos where my Hero lies.

Edward the Third

ACT II. SC. 2.

Count. Nay, you 'll do more ; you 'll make the river, too,
With their heart-bloods that keep our love asunder,
Of which my husband and your wife are twain. 160

K. Ed. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death
And gives in evidence that they shall die ;
Upon which verdict, I, their judge, condemn them.

Count. O perjur'd beauty ! more corrupted judge !
When to the great star-chamber o'er our heads
The universal sessions calls to count
This packing evil, we both shall tremble for it.

K. Ed. What says my fair love ? is she resolute ?

Count. Resolv'd to be dissolv'd ; and, therefore, this,—
Keep but thy word, great king, and I am thine. 170
Stand where thou dost, I 'll part a little from thee,
And see how I will yield me to thy hands.

[Turning suddenly upon him, and showing
two daggers.]

Here by my side doth hang my wedding knives :
Take thou the one and with it kill thy queen
And learn by me to find her where she lies ;
And with this other I 'll despatch my love,
Which now lies fast asleep within my heart :
When they are gone, then I 'll consent to love.
Stir not, lascivious king, to hinder me ;
My resolution is more nimbler far 180
Than thy prevention can be in my rescue,
And, if thou stir, I strike : therefore stand still,
And hear the choice that I will put thee to :

Either swear to leave thy most unholy suit,
 And never henceforth to solicit me ;
 Or else, by Heaven, [kneeling] this sharp-pointed
 knife
 Shall stain thy earth with that which thou wouldest
 stain,
 My poor chaste blood. Swear, Edward, swear,
 Or I will strike and die before thee here.

K. Ed. Even by that Power I swear, that gives me now
 The power to be ashamed of myself, 191
 I never mean to part my lips again
 In any words that tends to such a suit.
 Arise, true English lady, whom our isle
 May better boast of, than e'er Roman might
 Of her, whose ransack'd treasury hath task'd
 The vain endeavour of so many pens :
 Arise ; and be my fault thy honour's fame,
 Which after-ages shall enrich thee with.
 I am awaked from this idle dream ;— 200
 Warwick, my son, Derby, Artois, and Audley,
 Brave warriors all, where are you all this while ?

Enter Prince and Lords.

Warwick, I make thee Warden of the North :—
 Thou, Prince of Wales, and Audley, straight to sea ;
 Scour to Newhaven ; some there stay for me :—
 Myself, Artois, and Derby, will through Flanders

Edward the Third

ACT II. SC. 2.

To greet our friends there and to crave their aid :
This night will scarce suffice me, to discover
My folly's siege against a faithful lover ;
For, ere the sun shall gild the eastern sky, 210
We'll wake him with our martial harmony.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I

Flanders. The French Camp.

Enter King John of France; his two Sons, Charles Duke of Normandy, and Philip; Duke of Lorraine, and others.

K. John. Here, till our navy of a thousand sail
 Have made a breakfast to our foe by sea,
 Let us encamp to wait their happy speed.—
 Lorraine, what readiness is Edward in?
 How hast thou heard that he provided is
 Of martial furniture for this exploit?

Lor. To lay aside unnecessary soothing
 And not to spend the time in circumstance,
 'Tis bruited for a certainty, my lord,
 That he's exceeding strongly fortified ; 10
 His subjects flock as willingly to war
 As if unto a triumph they were led.

Char. England was wont to harbour malcontents,
 Bloodthirsty and seditious Catilines,

Spendthrifts, and such as gape for nothing else
 But changing and alteration of the state ;
 And is it possible,
 That they are now so loyal in themselves ?

Lor. All but the Scot ; who solemnly protests,
 As heretofore I have inform'd his grace, 20
 Never to sheathe his sword, or take a truce.

K. John. Ah, that's the anch'rage of some better hope !
 But, on the other side, to think what friends
 King Edward hath retain'd in Netherland,
 Among those ever-bibbing Epicures,
 Those frothy Dutchmen, puff'd with double beer,
 That drink and swill in every place they come,
 Doth not a little aggravate mine ire :
 Besides, we hear, the Emperor conjoins,
 And stalls him in his own authority : 30
 But, all the mightier that their number is,
 The greater glory reaps the victory.
 Some friends have we beside domestic power ;
 The stern Polonian, and the warlike Dane,
 The King of Boheme and of Sicily,
 Are all become confederates with us,
 And, as I think, are marching hither apace.

[*Drum within.*

But, soft, I hear the music of their drums,
 By which I guess that their approach is near.

*Enter King of Bohemia, and Forces; and Aid of Danes,
Poles, and Muscovites.*

K. Boh. King John of France, as league and neighbour-hood 40

Requires when friends are anyway distress'd,
I come to aid thee with my country's force.

Pole. And from great Moscow, fearful to the Turk,
And lofty Poland, nurse of hardy men,
I bring these servitors to fight for thee
Who willingly will venture in thy cause.

K. John. Welcome, Bohemian king ; and welcome, all :
This your great kindness I will not forget.
Besides your plentiful rewards in crowns,
That from our treasury ye shall receive, 50
There comes a hare-brain'd nation, deck'd in pride,
The spoil of whom will be a treble game.—
And now my hope is full, my joy complete :
At sea, we are as puissant as the force
Of Agamemnon in the haven of Troy ;
By land, with Xerxes we compare of strength
Whose soldiers drank up rivers in their thirst :
Then, Bayard-like, blind over-weening Ned,
To reach at our imperial diadem
Is either to be swallow'd of the waves 60
Or hack'd a-pieces when thou com'st ashore.

Enter a Mariner.

Mar. Near to the coast I have descried, my lord,
As I was busy in my watchful charge,
The proud Armado of King Edward's ships :
Which at the first, far off when I did ken,
Seem'd as it were a grove of wither'd pines ;
But, drawing near, their glorious bright aspect,
Their streaming ensigns wrought of colour'd silk,
Like to a meadow full of sundry flowers,
Adorns the naked bosom of the earth. 70
Majestical the order of their course,
Figuring the horned circle of the moon :
And on the top-gallant of the admiral,
And likewise all the handmaids of his train,
The arms of England and of France unite
Are quarter'd equally by herald's art.
Thus, tightly carried with a merry gale,
They plough the ocean hitherward amain.

K. John. Dare he already crop the flower-de-luce ?
I hope, the honey being gather'd thence, 80
He, with the spider, afterward approach'd,
Shall suck forth deadly venom from the leaves.—
But where's our navy ? how are they prepar'd
To wing themselves against this flight of ravens ?

Mar. They, having knowledge brought them by the
scouts,

Did break from anchor straight ; and, puff'd with
rage

No otherwise than were their sails with wind,
Made forth, as when the empty eagle flies
To satisfy his hungry griping maw.

K. John. There's for thy news. Return unto thy bark ;
And, if thou scape the bloody stroke of war 91
And do survive the conflict, come again
And let us hear the manner of the fight.—

[*Exit Mariner.*

Mean space, my lords, 'tis best we be dispers'd
To several places, lest they chance to land :
First, you, my lord, with your Bohemian troops,
Shall pitch your battles on the lower hand ;
My eldest son, the Duke of Normandy,
Together with this aid of Muscovites,
Shall climb the higher ground another way ; 100
Here in the middle coast, betwixt you both,
Philip, my youngest boy, and I will lodge.
So, lords, be gone, and look unto your charge ;
You stand for France, an empire fair and large.—

[*Exeunt Charles, Lorraine, King of
Bohemia, and Forces.*

Now tell me, Philip, what is thy conceit,
Touching the challenge that the English make ?

Phil. I say, my lord, claim Edward what he can,
And bring he ne'er so plain a pedigree,
'Tis you are in possession of the crown,

Edward the Third

ACT III. SC. I.

And that's the surest point of all the law : 110
But, were it not, yet, ere he should prevail,
I'll make a conduit of my dearest blood
Or chase those straggling upstarts home again.

K. John. Well said, young Philip ! Call for bread and wine,

That we may cheer our stomachs with repast,
To look our foes more sternly in the face.

[*A table and provisions brought in; King and his Son set down to it. Ordnance afar off.*

Now is begun the heavy day at sea.

Fight, Frenchmen, fight ; be like the field of bears,
When they defend their younglings in their caves !

Steer, angry Nemesis, the happy helm ; 120
That with the sulphur battles of your rage
The English fleet may be dispers'd and sunk !

[*Ordnance again.*

Phil O, father, how this echoing cannon-shot,
Like sweetest harmony, disgusts my cates !

K. John. Now, boy, thou hear'st what thund'ring terror
'tis,

To buckle for a kingdom's sovereignty.
The earth, with giddy trembling when it shakes,
Or when the exhalations of the air
Breaks in extremity of lightning flash,
Affrights not more than kings when they dispose 130
To show the rancour of their high-swoln hearts.

[*Retreat heard.*

Retreat is sounded ; one side hath the worse :
 O, if it be the French !—Sweet Fortune, turn ;
 And, in thy turning, change the forward winds,
 That, with advantage of a favouring sky,
 Our men may vanquish and the other fly !

Enter Mariner.

My heart misgives :—say, mirror of pale death,
 To whom belongs the honour of this day ?
 Relate, I pray thee, if thy breath will serve,
 The sad discourse of this discomfiture. 140

Mar. I will, my lord.

My gracious sovereign, France hath ta'en the foil,
 And boasting Edward triumphs with success.
 These iron-hearted navies,
 When last I was reporter to your grace,
 Both full of angry spleen, of hope and fear,
 Hasting to meet each other in the face,
 At last conjoin'd, and by their admiral
 Our admiral encounter'd many shot.

By this, the other, that beheld these twain 150
 Give earnest-penny of a further wrack,
 Like fiery dragons took their haughty flight ;
 And, likewise meeting, from their smoky wombs
 Sent many grim ambassadors of death.
 Then gan the day to turn to gloomy night ;
 And darkness did as well enclose the quick

Edward the Third

ACT III. SC. 2.

As those that were but newly reft of life.
No leisure serv'd for friends to bid farewell ;
And, if it had, the hideous noise was such,
As each to other seemed deaf and dumb. 160
Purple the sea ; whose channel fill'd as fast
With streaming gore that from the maimed fell
As did her gushing moisture break into
The crannied cleftures of the through-shot planks.
Here flew a head, dissever'd from the trunk ;
There mangled arms and legs were toss'd aloft,
As when a whirlwind takes the summer dust
And scatters it in middle of the air.
Then might ye see the reeling vessels split
And tottering sink into the ruthless flood 170
Until their lofty tops were seen no more.
All shifts were tried both for defence and hurt.
And now the effect of valour and of fear,
Of resolution and of cowardice,
We lively pictur'd ; how the one for fame,
The other by compulsion laid about.
Much did the Nonpareille, that brave ship ;
So did the Black-snake of Bulloin, than which
A bonnier vessel never yet spread sail :
But all in vain ; both sun, the wind and tide 180
Revolted all unto our foemen's side,
That we perforce were fain to give them way,
And they are landed : thus my tale is done ;
We have untimely lost, and they have won.

K. John. Then rests there nothing, but with present speed

To join our several forces all in one,
And bid them battle ere they range too far —
Come, gentle Philip, let us hence depart ;
This soldier's words have pierc'd thy father's heart.

SCENE II

Picardy. Fields near Cressy.

Enter a Frenchman, meeting certain others, a Woman and two Children, laden with household-stuff, as removing.

1 *Fr.* Well met, my masters : how now? what's the news?

And wherefore are ye laden thus with stuff?
What, is it quarter-day, that you remove
And carry bag and baggage too?

2 *Fr.* Quarter-day? ay, and quartering day, I fear :
Have ye not heard the news that flies abroad?

1 *Fr.* What news?

3 *Fr.* How the French navy is destroy'd at sea
And that the English army is arriv'd.

1 *Fr.* What then?

2 *Fr.* What then, quoth you? why, is't not time to fly,
When envy and destruction is so nigh?

10

Edward the Third

ACT III. SC. 2.

1 *Fr.* Content thee, man ; they are far enough from
hence ;

And will be met, I warrant ye, to their cost,
Before they break so far into the realm.

2 *Fr.* Ay, so the grasshopper doth spend the time

In mirthful jollity, till winter come ;
And then too late he would redeem his time
When frozen cold hath nipp'd his careless head.

He, that no sooner will provide a cloak 20
Than when he sees it doth begin to rain,
May, peradventure, for his negligence,
Be throughly wash'd when he suspects it not.
We that have charge and such a train as this
Must look in time to look for them and us,
Lest, when we would, we cannot be reliev'd.

1 *Fr.* Belike, you then despair of all success
And think your country will be subjugate.

3 *Fr.* We cannot tell ; 'tis good to fear the worst.

1 *Fr.* Yet rather fight, than like unnatural sons 30
Forsake your loving paents in distress.

2 *Fr.* Tush, they that have already taken arms
Are many fearful millions in respect
Of that small handful of our enemies.
But 'tis a rightful quarrel must prevail ;
Edward is son unto our late king's sister,
Where John Valois is three degrees remov'd.

Wom. Besides, there goes a prophecy abroad,
Publish'd by one that was a friar once

Whose oracles have many times prov'd true ; 40
 And now he says, ' The time will shortly come,
 When as a lion, roused in the west,
 Shall carry hence the flower-de-luce of France' :
 These, I can tell ye, and such-like surmises
 Strike many Frenchmen cold unto the heart.

Enter another Frenchman, hastily.

4 Fr. Fly, countrymen and citizens of France !
 Sweet-flow'ring peace, the root of happy life,
 Is quite abandon'd and expuls'd the land :
 Instead of whom, ransack-constraining war
 Sits like to ravens upon your houses' tops ; 50
 Slaughter and mischief walk within your streets,
 And, unrestrain'd, make havoc as they pass :
 The form whereof even now myself beheld,
 Upon this fair mountain, whence I came.
 For so far off as I directed mine eyes,
 I might perceive five cities all on fire,
 Corn-fields and vineyards burning like an oven ;
 And, as the reeking vapour in the wind
 Turn'd but aside, I likewise might discern
 The poor inhabitants, escap'd the flame, 60
 Fall numberless upon the soldiers' pikes.
 Three ways these dreadful ministers of wrath
 Do tread the measures of their tragic march.
 Upon the right hand comes the conquering king,

Upon the left his hot unbridled son,
 And in the midst our nation's glittering host ;
 All which, though distant, yet conspire in one
 To leave a desolation where they come.
 Fly, therefore, citizens, if you be wise,
 Seek out some habitation further off. 70
 Here if you stay, your wives will be abus'd,
 Your treasure shar'd before your weeping eyes.
 Shelter yourselves, for now the storm doth rise.
 Away, away ! methinks, I hear their drums.
 Ah, wretched France, I greatly fear thy fall ;
 Thy glory shaketh like a tottering wall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III

The Same.

Drums. Enter King Edward, marching ; Derby, etc ,
 and Forces, and Gobin de Grey.

K. Ed. Where is the Frenchman, by whose cunning
 guide

We found the shallow of this river Somme,
 And had direction how to pass the sea ?

Gob. Here, my good lord.

K. Ed. How art thou called ? tell me thy name.

Gob. Gobin de Grey, if please yor ~~your~~ excellency

K. Ed. Then, Gobin, for the ser'

We here enlarge and give thee liberty ;
 And, for [a] recompense, beside this good,
 Thou shalt receive five hundred marks in gold.—
 I know not how, we should have met our son ; 11
 Whom now in heart I wish I might behold.

Enter Artois.

Art. Good news, my lord ; the prince is hard at hand,
 And with him comes Lord Audley and the rest,
 Whom since our landing we could never meet.

Enter Prince, Audley, and Forces.

K. Ed. Welcome, fair prince ! How hast thou sped,
 my son,

Since thy arrival on the coast of France ?

Pr. Ed. Successfully, I thank the gracious heavens :

Some of their strongest cities we have won,
 As Harflew, Lo, Crotaye, and Carentine, 20

And others wasted ; leaving at our heels

A wide apparent field and beaten path

For solitariness to progress in :

Yet, those that would submit, we kindly pardon'd ;

But who in scorn refus'd our proffer'd peace,

Endur'd the penalty of sharp revenge.

K. Ed. Ah, France, why shouldst thou be thus obstinate
 Against the kind embracement of thy friends ?
 How gently had we thought to touch thy breast

And set our foot upon thy tender mould, 30
 But that in foward and disdainful pride
 Thou, like a skittish and untamed colt,
 Dost start aside and strike us with thy heels?—
 But tell me, Ned, in all thy warlike course
 Hast thou not seen the usurping King of France?

Pr. Ed. Yes, my good lord, and not two hours ago,
 With full a hundred thousand fighting men,
 Upon the one side of the river's bank,
 I on the other; with his multitudes
 I fear'd he would have cropp'd our smaller power:
 But, happily, perceiving your approach 41
 He hath withdrawn himself to Cressy plains;
 Where, as it seemeth by his good array,
 He means to bid us battle presently.

K. Ed. He shall be welcome, that's the thing we crave.

Enter King John; Charles and Philip, his Sons; Bohemia, Lorraine, etc., and Forces.

K. John. Edward, know, that John, the true King of France,—
 Musing thou shouldst encroach upon his land,
 And, in thy tyrannous proceeding, slay
 His faithful subjects and subvert his towns,—
 Spits in thy face; and in this manner following 50
 Upbraids thee with thine arrogant intrusion.
 First, I condemn thee for a fugitive,

A thievish pirate, and a needy mate ;
 One, that hath either no abiding place,
 Or else, inhabiting some barren soil,
 Where neither herb nor fruitful grain is had,
 Dost altogether live by pilfering :
 Next,—insomuch thou hast infring'd thy faith,
 Broke league and solemn covenant made with
 me,—

I hold thee for a false pernicious wretch : 60
 And last of all,—although I scorn to cope
 With one so much inferior to myself ;
 Yet, in respect thy thirst is all for gold,
 Thy labour rather to be fear'd than lov'd,—
 To satisfy thy lust in either part,
 Here am I come, and with me have I brought
 Exceeding store of treasure, pearl and coin.
 Leave therefore now to persecute the weak ;
 And, armed ent'ring conflict with the arm'd,
 Let it be seen, 'mongst other petty thefts, 70
 How thou canst win this pillage manfully.

K. Ed. If gall or wormwood have a pleasant taste,
 Then is thy salutation honey-sweet :
 But as the one hath no such property,
 So is the other most satirical.
 Yet wot how I regard thy worthless taunts ;—
 If thou have utter'd them to foil my fame
 Or dim the reputation of my birth,
 Know that thy wolvish barking cannot hurt :

If slyly to insinuate with the world, 80
And with a strumpet's artificial line
To paint thy vicious and deformed cause,
Be well assur'd the counterfeit will fade
And in the end thy foul defects be seen :
But if thou didst it to provoke me on,—
As who should say, I were but timorous,
Or coldly negligent did need a spur,—
Bethink thyself how slack I was at sea ;
How, since my landing, I have won no towns,
Enter'd no further but upon the coast, 90
And there have ever since securely slept.
But if I have been otherwise employ'd,
Imagine, Valois, whether I intend
To skirmish, not for pillage, but for the crown
Which thou dost wear ; and that I vow to have,
Or one of us shall fall into his grave.

Pr. Ed. Look not for cross invectives at our hands
Or railing execrations of despite :
Let creeping serpents hid in hollow banks
Sting with their tongues ; we have remorseless
swords, 100
And they shall plead for us and our affairs.
Yet thus much, briefly, by my father's leave :
As all the immodest poison of thy throat
Is scandalous and most notorious lies,
And our pretended quarrel is truly just,
So end the battle when we meet to-day ;

May either of us prosper and prevail
 Or, luckless curst, receive eternal shame !

K. Ed. That needs no further question, and, I know,
 His conscience witnesseth, it is my right.— 110
 Therefore, Valois, say, wilt thou yet resign,
 Before the sickle's thrust into the corn
 Or that enkindled fury turn to flame ?

K. John. Edward, I know what right thou hast in France ;
 And ere I basely will resign my crown,
 This champion field shall be a pool of blood
 And all our prospect as a slaughter-house.

Pr. Ed. Ay, that approves thee, tyrant, what thou art :
 No father, king or shepherd of thy realm ;
 But one that tears her entrails with thy hands 120
 And, like a thirsty tiger, suck'st her blood.

Aud. You peers of France, why do you follow him
 That is so prodigal to spend your lives ?

Char. Whom should they follow, aged impotent,
 But he that is their true-born sovereign ?

K. Ed. Upbraid'st thou him, because within his face
 Time hath engrav'd deep characters of age ?
 Know, these grave scholars of experience,
 Like stiff-grown oaks, will stand immovable,
 When whirlwind quickly turns up younger trees.

Der. Was ever any of thy father's house 131
 King, but thyself, before this present time ?
 Edward's great lineage, by the mother's side,
 Five hundred years hath held the sceptre up :—

Judge then, conspirators, by this descent,
Which is the true-born sovereign, this, or that.

Phil. Father, range your battles, prate no more ;
These English fain would spend the time in words,
That, night approaching, they escape unfought.

K. John. Lords and my loving subjects, now's the time
That your intended force must bide the touch : 141
Therefore, my friends, consider this in brief,—
He that you fight for is your natural king ;
He against whom you fight, a foreigner :
He that you fight for, rules in clemency
And reins you with a mild and gentle bit ;
He against whom you fight, if he prevail,
Will straight enthrone himself in tyranny,
Make slaves of you, and with a heavy hand
Curtail and curb your sweetest liberty. 150
Then, to protect your country and your king,
Let but the haughty courage of your hearts
Answer the number of your able hands,
And we shall quickly chase these fugitives.
For what's this Edward but a belly-god,
A tender and lascivious wantonness,
That th' other day was almost dead for love ?
And what, I pray you, is his goodly guard ?
Such as, but scant them of their chines of beef
And take away their downy feather-beds, 160
And, presently, they are as resty-stiff
As 'twere a many over-ridden jades.

Then, Frenchmen, scorn that such should be your lords,

And rather bind ye them in captive bands.

French. Vive le Roy ! God save King John of France !

K. John. Now on this plain of Cressy spread yourselves,—

And, Edward, when thou dar'st, begin the fight.

[*Exeunt King John, Charles, Philip, Lorraine, Bohemia, and Forces.*

K. Ed. We presently will meet thee, John of France :—

And, English lords, let us resolve to-day

Either to clear us of that scandalous crime 170

Or be entombed in our innocence.—

And, Ned, because this battle is the first

That ever yet thou fought'st in pitched field,

As ancient custom is of Martialists,

To dub thee with the type of chivalry,

In solemn manner we will give thee arms :—

Come, therefore, heralds, orderly bring forth

A strong attirement for the prince my son.—

Flourish. Enter four Heralds, bringing a coat-armour, a helmet, a lance, and a shield: first Herald delivers the armour to King Edward, who puts it on his Son.

Edward Plantagenet, in the name of God,

As with this armour I impale thy breast,

So be thy noble unrelenting heart

Wall'd in with flint of matchless fortitude

That never base affections enter there ;
 Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st !—
 Now follow, lords, and do him honour too.

Der. [Receiving the helmet from the second Herald.]

Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,
 As I do set this helmet on thy head,
 Wherewith the chamber of thy brain is fenc'd,
 So may thy temples, with Bellona's hand,
 Be still adorn'd with laurel victory ; 190
 Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st !

Aud. [Receiving the lance from the third Herald.]

Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,
 Receive this lance into thy manly hand ;
 Use it in fashion of a brazen pen
 To draw forth bloody stratagems in France
 And print thy valiant deeds in honour's book ;
 Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st !

Art. [Receiving the shield from the fourth Herald.]

Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,
 Hold, take this target, wear it on thy arm ;
 And may the view thereof, like Perseus' shield, 200
 Astonish and transform thy gazing foes
 To senseless images of meagre death ;
 Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st !

K. Ed. Now wants there nought but knighthood ; which deferr'd

We leave till thou hast won it in the field.

Pr. Ed. My gracious father, and ye forward peers,

This honour, you have done me, animates
 And cheers my green yet-scarce-appearing strength
 With comfortable good-presaging signs,
 No otherwise than did old Jacob's words 210
 When as he breath'd his blessings on his sons.
 These hallow'd gifts of yours when I profane,
 Or use them not to glory of my God,
 To patronage the fatherless and poor,
 Or for the benefit of England's peace,
 Be numb my joints ! wax feeble both mine arms !
 Wither my heart ! that, like a sapless tree,
 I may remain the map of infamy.

K. *Ed.* Then thus our steeled battles shall be rang'd ;—
 The leading of the vaward, Ned, is thine ; 220
 To dignify whose lusty spirit the more,
 We temper it with Audley's gravity ;
 That, courage and experience join'd in one,
 Your manage may be second unto none :
 For the main battles, I will guide myself ;
 And, Derby, in the rearward march behind.
 That orderly dispos'd and set in 'ray,
 Let us to horse ; and God grant us the day !

SCENE IV

The Same.

Alarums, as of a battle joined. Enter a many French-men, flying; Prince, and English, pursuing; and exeunt: then enter King John and Lorraine.

K. John. O Lorraine, say, what mean our men to fly?
Our number is far greater than our foes.

Lor. The garrison of Genoa's, my lord,
That came from Paris, weary with their march,
Grudging to be [so] suddenly employ'd,
No sooner in the fore-front took their place,
But, straight retiring, so dismay'd the rest
As likewise they betook themselves to flight;
In which, for haste to make a safe escape,
More in the clust'ring throng are press'd to death,
Than by the enemy, a thousand-fold.

II

K. John. O hapless fortune! Let us yet assay
If we can counsel some of them to stay.

SCENE V

The Same.

Drums. Enter King Edward and Audley.

K. Ed. Lord Audley, whiles our son is in the chase,
Withdraw your powers unto this little hill,
And here a season let us breathe ourselves.

Aud. I will, my lord. [Exit. Retreat.

K. Ed. Just-dooming Heaven, whose secret providence
To our gross judgment is inscrutable,
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,
That hast this day giv'n way unto the right
And made the wicked stumble at themselves !

Enter Artois, hastily.

Art. Rescue, King Edward ! rescue for thy son ! 10

K. Ed. Rescue, Artois ? what, is he prisoner ?
Or by violence fell beside his horse ?

Art. Neither, my lord ; but narrowly beset
With turning Frenchmen whom he did pursue,
As 'tis impossible that he should scape
Except your highness presently descend.

K. Ed. Tut, let him fight ; we gave him arms to-day,
And he is labouring for a knighthood, man.

Enter Derby, hastily.

Der. The prince, my lord, the prince ! O, succour him ;
He's close encompass'd with a world of odds ! 20

K. Ed. Then will he win a world of honour too
If he by valour can redeem him thence :
If not, what remedy ? we have more sons
Than one, to comfort our declining age.

Re-enter Audley, hastily.

Aud Renowned Edward, give me leave, I pray,

Edward the Third

ACT III. SC. 5

To lead my soldiers where I may relieve
Your grace's son, in danger to be slain.
The snares of French, like emmets on a bank,
Muster about him ; whilst he, lion-like,
Entangled in the net of their assaults, 30
Frantically rends and bites the woven toil :
But all in vain, he cannot free himself.

K. Ed. Audley, content ; I will not have a man,
On pain of death, sent forth to succour him :
This is the day ordain'd by destiny
To season his courage with those grievous thoughts,
That, if he breathe out Nestor's years on earth,
Will make him savour still of this exploit.

Der. Ah, but he shall not live to see those days.

K. Ed. Why, then his epitaph is lasting praise. 40

Aud. Yet, good my lord, 'tis too much wilfulness,
To let his blood be spilt that may be sav'd.

K. Ed. Exclaim no more ; for none of you can tell
Whether a borrow'd aid will serve or no.
Perhaps, he is already slain or ta'en :
And dare a falcon when she's in her flight,
And ever after she'll be haggard-like :
Let Edward be deliver'd by our hands,
And still in danger he'll expect the like ;
But if himself himself redeem from thence, 50
He will have vanquish'd, cheerful, death and fear,
And ever after dread their force no more
Than if they were but babes or captive slaves.

Aud. O cruel father!—Farewell, Edward, then!

Der. Farewell, sweet prince, the hope of chivalry!

Art. O, would my life might ransom him from death!

K. Ed. But, soft; methinks I hear [Retreat sounded.

The dismal charge of trumpets' loud retreat:

All are not slain, I hope, that went with him;

Some will return with tidings, good or bad. 60

Enter Prince Edward in triumph, bearing in his hand his shivered lance; his sword, and battered armour, borne before him, and the body of the King of Bohemia, wrapped in the colours. Lords run and embrace him.

Aud. O joyful sight! victorious Edward lives!

Der. Welcome, brave prince!

K. Ed. Welcome, Plantagenet! [Embracing him.

Pr. Ed. First having done my duty, as beseem'd,
[Kneels, and kisses his father's hand.

Lords, I regret you all with hearty thanks.

And now, behold,—after my winter's toil,

My painful voyage on the boist'rous sea

Of war's devouring gulfs and steely rocks,—

I bring my fraught unto the wished port,

My summer's hope, my travel's sweet reward:

And here with humble duty I present

This sacrifice, this firstfruit of my sword,

Cropp'd and cut down even at the gate of death,

The King of Boheme, father, whom I slew;

70

Whose thousands had intrench'd me round about,
 And lay as thick upon my batter'd crest
 As on an anvil with their pond'rous glaives :
 Yet marble courage still did underprop ;
 And when my weary arms with often blows,—
 Like the continual-lab'ring woodman's axe
 That is enjoin'd to fell a load of oaks,— 80
 Began to falter, straight I would remember
 My gifts you gave me and my zealous vow,
 And then new courage made me fresh again ;
 That, in despite, I carv'd my passage forth
 And put the multitude to speedy flight.
 Lo, thus hath Edward's hand fill'd your request,
 And done, I hope, the duty of a knight.

K. Ed. Ay, well thou hast deserv'd a knighthood, Ned !
 And, therefore, with thy sword, yet reeking warm
 [Receiving it from the soldier who bore it and
laying it on the kneeling Prince.

With blood of those that sought to be thy bane, 90
 Arise, Prince Edward, trusty knight at arms :
 This day thou hast confounded me with joy
 And proved thyself fit heir unto a king.

Pr. Ed. Here is a note, my gracious lord, of those
 That in this conflict of our foes were slain :
 Eleven princes of esteem ; fourscore
 Barons ; a hundred and twenty knights ;
 And thirty thousand common soldiers ;
 And, of our men, a thousand.

K. Ed. Our God be praised ! Now, John of France, I
hope,

100

Thou know'st King Edward for no wantonness,
No love-sick cockney ; nor his soldiers, jades.—
But which way is the fearful king escap'd ?

Pr. Ed. Towards Poitiers, noble father, and his sons.

K. Ed. Ned, thou and Audley shall pursue them still ;
Myself and Derby will to Calice straight,
And there begirt that haven-town with siege :
Now lies it on an upshot ; therefore strike,
And wistly follow while the game's on foot.
What picture's this ? [Pointing to the colours.]

Pr. Ed. A pelican, my lord, 110
Wounding her bosom with her crooked beak
That so her nest of young ones may be fed
With drops of blood that issue from her heart ;
The motto, '*Sic et vos*,' 'And so should you.'
[Flourish. *Exeunt in triumph.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I

Bretagne. Camp of the English.

Forces under the Earl of Salisbury; Salisbury's Tent.
Enter Salisbury; to him, Lord Mountford, attended,
a coronet in his hand.

Mount. My Lord of Salisbury, since by your aid
Mine enemy Sir Charles of Blois is slain,
And I again am quietly possess'd
In Britain's dukedom, know that I resolve,
For this kind furth'rance of your king and you,
To swear allegiance to his majesty :
In sign whereof, receive this coronet.
Bear it unto him, and withal mine oath,
Never to be but Edward's faithful friend.

Sal. I take it, Mountford : thus, I hope, ere long 10
The whole dominions of the realm of France
Will be surrender'd to his conquering hand.

[*Exeunt Mountford and Train.*
Now, if I knew but safely how to pass,

I would to Calice gladly meet his grace,
 Whither I am by letters certified
 That he intends to have his host remov'd.
 It shall be so : this policy will serve :—
 Ho, who's within ? Bring Villiers to me.—

Enter Villiers.

Villiers, thou know'st, thou art my prisoner,
 And that I might for ransom, if I would, 20
 Require of thee a hundred thousand franks,
 Or else retain and keep thee captive still :
 But so it is, that for a smaller charge
 Thou may'st be quit, an if thou wilt thyself ;
 And this it is, procure me but a passport
 Of Charles the Duke of Normandy, that I
 Without restraint may have recourse to Calice
 Through all the countries where he hath to do,
 (Which thou may'st easily obtain, I think,
 By reason I have often heard thee say, 30
 He and thyself were students once together)
 And then thou shalt be set at liberty.

How say'st thou ? wilt thou undertake to do it ?

Vil. I will, my lord ; but I must speak with him.

Sal. Why, so thou shalt ; take horse, and post from
 hence :

Only, before thou go'st, swear by thy faith
 That, if thou canst not compass my desire,

Thou wilt return my prisoner back again ;
And that shall be sufficient warrant for me.

Vil. To that condition I agree, my lord, 40
And will unfeignedly perform the same.

Sal. Farewell, Villiers.— [Exit Villiers.
This once I mean to try a Frenchman's faith.

SCENE II

Picardy. The English Camp before Calais.

Enter King Edward and Derby, with Soldiers.

K. Ed. Since they refuse our proffer'd league, my lord,
And will not ope their gates and let us in,
We will intrench ourselves on every side,
That neither victuals nor supply of men
May come to succour this accursed town ;
Famine shall combat where our swords are stopp'd.

Der. The promis'd aid that made them stand aloof
Is now retir'd and gone another way ;
It will repent them of their stubborn will.

Enter some poor Frenchmen.

But what are these poor ragged slaves, my lord ? 10

K. Ed. Ask what they are ; it seems, they come from
Calice.

Der. You wretched patterns of despair and woe,
 What are you? living men, or gliding ghosts,
 Crept from your graves to walk upon the earth?

First Fr. No ghosts, my lord, but men that breathe a life

Far worse than is the quiet sleep of death :
 We are distressed poor inhabitants
 That long have been diseased, sick and lame ;
 And now, because we are not fit to serve,
 The captain of the town hath thrust us forth 20
 That so expense of victuals may be sav'd.

K. Ed. A charitable deed, no doubt, and worthy praise.—

But how do you imagine then to speed ?
 We are your enemies ; in such a case
 We can no less but put you to the sword,
 Since, when we proffer'd truce, it was refus'd.

First Fr. An if your grace no otherwise vouchsafe,
 As welcome death is unto us as life.

K. Ed. Poor silly men, much wrong'd and more distress'd !—

Go, Derby, go, and see they be reliev'd ; 30
 Command that victuals be appointed them
 And give to every one five crowns a-piece :

[*Exeunt Derby and Frenchmen.*

The lion scorns to touch the yielding prey,
 And Edward's sword must flesh itself in such
 As wilful stubbornness hath made perverse.—

Enter the Lord Percy, from England.

Lord Percy ! welcome : what's the news in England ?

Per. The queen, my lord, commends her to your grace ;
And from her highness and the lord vicegerent
I bring this happy tidings of success :
David of Scotland, lately up in arms, 40
(Thinking, belike, he soonest should prevail,
Your highness being absent from the realm)
Is, by the fruitful service of your peers
And painful travel of the queen herself
That, big with child, was every day in arms,
Vanquish'd, subdu'd and taken prisoner.

K. Ed. Thanks, Percy, for thy news, with all my heart !
What was he, took him prisoner in the field ?

Per. A squire, my lord ; John Copland is his name :
Who since, entreated by her majesty, 50
Denies to make surrender of his prize
To any but unto your grace alone ;
Whereat the queen is grievously displeas'd.

K. Ed. Well, then we'll have a pursuivant despatch'd
To summon Copland hither out of hand,
And with him he shall bring his prisoner king.

Per. The queen's, my lord, herself by this at sea,
And purposeth, as soon as wind will serve,
To land at Calice and to visit you.

K. Ed. She shall be welcome ; and, to wait her coming
I'll pitch my tent near to the sandy shore. 61

Enter a French Captain.

- Cap.* The burgesses of Calice, mighty king,
 Have, by a council, willingly decreed
 To yield the town and castle to your hands,
 Upon condition it will please your grace
 To grant them benefit of life and goods.
- K. Ed.* They will so ! then, belike, they may command,
 Dispose, elect, and govern as they list.
 No, sirrah, tell them, since they did refuse
 Our princely clemency at first proclaim'd, 70
 They shall not have it now, although they would ;
 I will accept of nought but fire and sword,
 Except, within these two days, six of them,
 That are the wealthiest merchants in the town,
 Come naked, all but for their linen shirts,
 With each a halter hang'd about his neck,
 And prostrate yield themselves, upon their knees,
 To be afflicted, hang'd, or what I please ;
 And so you may inform their masterships.
- [*Exeunt Edward and Percy.*]
- Cap.* Why, this it is to trust a broken staff. 80
 Had we not been persuaded, John our king
 Would with his army have reliev'd the town,
 We had not stood upon defiance so.
 But now 'tis past that no man can recall,
 And better some do go to wrack, than all. [Exit.]

SCENE III

*Poitou. Fields near Poitiers. The French Camp;
Tent of the Duke of Normandy.*

Enter Charles and Villiers.

Char. I wonder, Villiers, thou shouldst importune me
For one that is our deadly enemy.

Vil. Not for his sake, my gracious lord, so much
Am I become an earnest advocate
As that thereby my ransom will be quit.

Char. Thy ransom, man ! why need'st thou talk of that ?
Art thou not free ? and are not all occasions,
That happen for advantage of our foes,
To be accepted of and stood upon ?

Vil. No, good, my lord, except the same be just ; 10
For profit must with honour be comix'd
Or else our actions are but scandalous :
But, letting pass these intricate objections,
Will 't please your highness to subscribe, or no ?

Char. Villiers, I will not nor I cannot do it ;
Salisbury shall not have his will so much,
To claim a passport how it please himself.

Vil. Why, then I know the extremity, my lord :
I must return to prison whence I came.

Char. Return ! I hope, thou wilt not. 20

What bird that hath escap'd the fowler's gin
 Will not beware how she's ensnar'd again ?
 Or what is he so senseless and secure,
 That, having hardly pass'd a dangerous gulf,
 Will put himself in peril there again ?

Vil. Ah, but it is mine oath, my gracious lord,
 Which I in conscience may not violate,
 Or else a kingdom should not draw me hence.

Char. Thine oath ! why, that doth bind thee to abide :
 Hast thou not sworn obedience to thy prince ? 30

Vil. In all things that uprightly he commands.
 But either to persuade or threaten me
 Not to perform the covenant of my word
 Is lawless and I need not to obey.

Char. Why, is it lawful for a man to kill,
 And not, to break a promise with his foe ?

Vil. To kill, my lord, when war is once proclaim'd,
 So that our quarrel be for wrongs receiv'd,
 No doubt, is lawfully permitted us :
 But, in an oath, we must be well advis'd 40
 How we do swear, and, when we once have sworn,
 Not to infringe it, though we die therefore.
 Therefore, my lord, as willing I return
 As if I were to fly to paradise. [Going.]

Char. Stay, my Villiers ; thine honourable mind
 Deserves to be eternally admir'd.
 Thy suit shall be no longer thus deferr'd ;

Edward the Third

ACT IV. SC. 3.

Give me the paper, I'll subscribe to it :

[*Signs, and gives it back.*

And, wheretofore I lov'd thee as Villiers,
Hereafter I'll embrace thee as myself ; 50
Stay, and be still in favour with thy lord.

Vil. I humbly thank your grace, I must despatch
And send this passport first unto the earl,
And then I will attend your highness' pleasure.

[*Exit.*

Char. Do so, Villiers ;—and Charles, when he hath
need,

Be such his soldiers, howsoe'er he speed !

[*Exit Villiers.*

Enter King John.

K. John. Come, Charles, and arm thee ; Edward is
entrapp'd,
The Prince of Wales is fall'n into our hands,
And we have compass'd him, he cannot scape.

Char. But will your highness fight to-day ? 60

K. John. What else, my son ? he's scarce eight thousand
strong,

And we are threescore thousand at the least.

Char. I have a prophecy, my gracious lord,
Wherein is written what success is like
To happen us in this outrageous war ;
It was deliver'd me at Cressy's field
By one that is an aged hermit there. [*Reads.*

'When feather'd fowl shall make thine army tremble,
 And flint-stones rise, and break the battle 'ray,
 Then think on him that doth not now dissemble, 70
 For that shall be the hapless dreadful day :
 Yet in the end thy foot thou shalt advance
 As far in England as thy foe in France.'

K. John. By this it seems we shall be fortunate :

For as it is impossible that stones
 Should ever rise and break the battle 'ray,
 Or airy fowl make men in arms to quake,
 So is it like, we shall not be subdu'd :
 Or, say this might be true, yet, in the end,
 Since he doth promise we shall drive him hence 80
 And forage their country as they have done ours,
 By this revenge that loss will seem the less.
 But all are frivolous fancies, toys and dreams :
 Once we are sure we have ensnar'd the son,
 Catch we the father after how we can. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV

The Same. The English Camp.

Enter Prince Edward, Audley, and others.

Pr. Ed. Audley, the arms of death embrace us round,
 And comfort have we none, save that to die

We pay sour earnest for a sweeter life.
At Cressy field our clouds of warlike smoke
Chok'd up those French mouths and dissever'd
them :
But now their multitudes of millions hide,
Masking as 'twere, the beauteous-burning sun ;
Leaving no hope to us but sullen dark
And eyeless terror of all-ending night.

Aud. This sudden, mighty and expedient head, 10
That they have made, fair prince, is wonderful.
Before us in the valley lies the king,
Vantag'd with all that heaven and earth can yield ;
His party stronger battled than our whole :
His son, the braving Duke of Normandy,
Hath triimm'd the mountain on our right hand up
In shining plate, that now the aspiring hill
Shows like a silver quarry or an orb ;
Aloft the which, the banners, bannerets,
And new-replenish'd pendants cuff the air, 20
And beat the winds, that for their gaudiness
Struggles to kiss them : on our left hand lies
Philip, the younger issue of the king,
Coting the other hill in such array
That all his gilded upright pikes do seem
Straight trees of gold, the pendant [streamers]
leaves ;
And their device of antique heraldry,
Quarter'd in colours seeming sundry fruits,

Makes it the orchard of the Hesperides :
 Behind us too the hill doth bear his height,30
 For, like a half-moon, op'ning but one way,
 It rounds us in ; there at our backs are lodg'd
 The fatal cross-bows, and the battle there
 Is govern'd by the rough Chatillion.
 Then thus it stands,—the valley for our flight
 The king binds in ; the hills on either hand
 Are proudly royalized by his sons ;
 And on the hill behind stands certain death,
 In pay and service with Chatillion.

Pr. Ed. Death's name is much more mighty than his
 deeds ;—40

Thy parcelling this power hath made it more.
 As many sands as these my hands can hold
 Are but my handful of so many sands ;
 Then, all the world,—and call it but a power,—
 Easily ta'en up and quickly thrown away :
 But, if I stand to count them sand by sand,
 The number would confound my memory
 And make a thousand millions of a task
 Which, briefly, is no more, indeed, than one.
 These quarters, squadrons, and these regiments,50
 Before, behind us, and on either hand,
 Are but a power : when we name a man,
 His hand, his foot, his head, hath several strengths ;
 And being all but one self instant strength,
 Why, all this many, Audley, is but one,

And we can call it all but one man's strength.
 He, that hath far to go, tells it by miles ;
 If he should tell the steps, it kills his heart :
 The drops are infinite that make a flood,
 And yet, thou know'st, we call it but a rain. 60
 There is but one France, one King of France,
 That France hath no more kings ; and that same
 king
 Hath but the puissant legion of one king ;
 And we have one : then apprehend no odds,
 For one to one is fair equality.—

Enter a Herald.

What tidings, messenger ? be plain, and brief.
Her. The King of France, my sovereign lord and
 master,
 Greets by me his foe the Prince of Wales.
 If thou call forth a hundred men of name,
 Of lords, knights, squires, and English gentlemen,
 And with thyself and those kneel at his feet, 71
 He straight will fold his bloody colours up
 And ransom shall redeem lives forfeited :
 If not, this day shall drink more English blood
 Than e'er was buried in our British earth.
 What is the answer to his proffer'd mercy ?
Pr. Ed. This heaven that covers France contains the
 mercy

That draws from me submissive orisons ;
 That such base breath should vanish from my lips,
 To urge the plea of mercy to a man, 80
 The Lord forbid ! Return, and tell the king,
 My tongue is made of steel and it shall beg
 My mercy on his coward burgonet ;
 Tell him, my colours are as red as his,
 My men as bold, our English arms as strong,
 Return him my defiance in his face.

Her. I go.

[*Exit.*

Enter another Herald.

Pr. Ed. What news with thee ?

Her. The Duke of Normandy, my lord and master,
 Pitying thy youth is so engirt with peril,
 By me hath sent a nimble-jointed jennet, 90
 As swift as ever yet thou didst bestride,
 And therewithal he counsels thee to fly ;
 Else, death himself hath sworn that thou shalt die.

Pr. Ed. Back with the beast unto the beast that sent
 him ;

Tell him, I cannot sit a coward's horse.
 Bid him to-day bestride the jade himself ;
 For I will stain my horse quite o'er with blood
 And double-gild my spurs, but I will catch him.
 So tell the carping boy, and get thee gone.

[*Exit Herald.*

Enter another Herald.

Her. Edward of Wales, Philip, the second son 100

To the most mighty Christian King of France,
Seeing thy body's living date expir'd,
All full of charity and Christian love,
Commends this book, full fraught with [holy]
prayers,

To thy fair hand, and, for thy hour of life,
Entreats thee that thou meditate therein
And arm thy soul for her long journey towards.
Thus have I done his bidding, and return.

Pr. Ed. Herald of Philip, greet thy lord from me ;

All good, that he can send, I can receive : 110
But think'st thou not the unadvised boy

Hath wrong'd himself in thus far tend'ring me ?

Haply, he cannot pray without the book ;

I think him no divine extemporal :

Then render back this commonplace of prayer,

To do himself good in adversity.

Besides, he knows not my sin's quality

And therefore knows no prayers for my avail ;

Ere night his prayer may be, to pray to God

To put it in my heart to hear his prayer ; 120

So tell the courtly wanton, and be gone.

Her. I go.

[*Exit.*]

Pr. Ed. How confident their strength and number
makes them !—

Now, Audley, sound those silver wings of thine,
 And let those milk-white messengers of time
 Show thy time's learning in this dangerous time ;
 Thyself art bruis'd and bit with many broils,
 And stratagems forepast with iron pens
 Are texted in thine honourable face ;
 Thou art a married man in this distress, 130
 But danger woos me as a blushing maid :
 Teach me an answer to this perilous time.

Aud. To die is all as common as to live ;
 The one in choice, the other holds in chase :
 For from the instant we begin to live
 We do pursue and hunt the time to die :
 First bud we, then we blow, and after seed ;
 Then, presently, we fall ; and, as a shade
 Follows the body, so we follow death.
 If then we hunt for death, why do we fear it? 140
 If we fear it, why do we follow it?
 If we do fear, how can we shun it ?
 If we do fear, with fear we do but aid
 The thing we fear to seize on us the sooner :
 If we fear not, then no resolved proffer
 Can overthrow the limit of our fate :
 For, whether ripe or rotten, drop we shall,
 As we do draw the lottery of our doom.

Pr. Ed. Ah, good old man, a thousand thousand
 armours
 These words of thine have buckled on my back. 150

Ah, what an idiot hast thou made of life,
To seek the thing it fears ! and how disgrac'd
The imperial victory of murd'ring death !
Since all the lives, his conquering arrows strike,
Seek him, and he not them, to shame his glory.
I will not give a penny for a life,
Nor half a halfpenny to shun grim death,
Since for to live is but to seek to die,
And dying but beginning of new life.
Let come the hour when he that rules it will ! 160
To live, or die, I hold indifferent. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V

The Same. The French Camp.

Enter King John and Charles.

K. John. A sudden darkness hath defac'd the sky,
The winds are crept into their caves for fear,
The leaves move not, the world is hush'd and still,
The birds cease singing, and the wand'ring brooks
Murmur no wonted greeting to their shores ;
Silence attends some wonder and expecteth
That heaven should pronounce some prophecy :
Where or from whom proceeds this silence,
Charles ?

Char. Our men with open mouths and staring eyes

Look on each other, as they did attend 10
 Each other's words, and yet no creature speaks ;
 A tongue-tied fear hath made a midnight hour
 And speeches sleep through all the waking regions.

K. John. But now the pompous sun, in all his pride,
 Look'd through his golden coach upon the world,
 And on a sudden, hath he hid himself ;
 That now the under earth is as a grave,
 Dark, deadly, silent, and uncomfortable.

[*A clamour of ravens heard.*

Hark ! what a deadly outcry do I hear !

Char. Here comes my brother Philip.

K. John. All dismayed :— 20

Enter Philip.

What fearful words are those thy looks presage ?

Phil. A flight, a flight !

K. John. Coward, what flight ? thou liest, there needs
 no flight.

Phil. A flight !

K. John. Awake thy craven powers, and tell on
 The substance of that very fear indeed,
 Which is so ghastly printed on thy face :
 What is the matter ?

Phil. A flight of ugly ravens
 Do croak and hover o'er our soldiers' heads,
 And keep in triangles and corner'd squares 30
 Right as our forces are embatteled ;

With their approach there came this sudden fog
 Which now hath hid the airy floor of heaven
 And made at noon a night unnatural
 Upon the quaking and dismayed world :
 In brief, our soldiers have let fall their arms
 And stand like metamorphos'd images,
 Bloodless and pale, one gazing on another.

K. John. Ay, now I call to mind the prophecy ;
 But I must give no entrance to a fear.— 40
 Return, and hearten up those yielding souls ;
 Tell them, the ravens seeing them in arms—
 So many fair against a famished few—
 Come but to dine upon their handiwork
 And prey upon the carrion that they kill :
 For when we see a horse laid down to die,
 Although [he be] not dead, the ravenous birds
 Sit watching the departure of his life ;
 Even so these ravens, for the carcases
 Of those poor English that are mark'd to die, 50
 Hover about, and, if they cry to us,
 'Tis but for meat that we must kill for them.
 Away, and comfort up my soldiers,
 And sound the trumpets ; and at once despatch
 This little business of a silly fraud. [Exit Philip.]

Noise within. Enter a French Captain, with Salisbury,
 prisoner.

Cap. Behold, my liege, this knight, and forty mo,—

Of whom the better part are slain and fled,—
 With all endeavour sought to break our ranks,
 And make their way to the encompass'd prince ;
 Dispose of him as please your majesty. 60

K. John. Go, and the next bough, soldier, that thou
 seest,

Disgrace it with his body presently :
 For I do hold a tree in France too good
 To be the gallows of an English thief.

Sal. My Lord of Normandy, I have your pass
 And warrant for my safety through this land.

Char. Villiers procur'd it for thee, did he not ?

Sal. He did.

Char. And it is current, thou shalt freely pass.

K. John. Ay, freely to the gallows to be hang'd, 70
 Without denial or impediment :—
 Away with him.

Char. I hope, your highness will not so disgrace me
 And dash the virtue of my seal-at-arms :
 He hath my never-broken name to show,
 Character'd with this princely hand of mine ;
 And rather let me leave to be a prince
 Than break the stable verdict of a prince :
 I do beseech you, let him pass in quiet.

K. John. Thou and thy word lie both in my command ;
 What canst thou promise, that I cannot break ? 81
 Which of these twain is greater infamy,
 To disobey thy father, or thyself ?

Edward the Third

ACT IV. SC. 5.

Thy word, nor no man's, may exceed his power;
Nor that same man doth never break his word
That keeps it to the utmost of his power:
The breach of faith dwells in the soul's consent:
Which if thyself without consent do break,
Thou art not charged with the breach of faith.—
Go, hang him; for thy licence lies in me: 90
And my constraint stands the excuse for thee.

Char. What, am I not a soldier in my word?

Then, arms adieu, and let them fight that list:
Shall I not give my girdle from my waist
But with a guardian I shall be controll'd,
To say, I may not give my things away?
Upon my soul, had Edward Prince of Wales
Engag'd his word, writ down his noble hand,
For all your knights to pass his father's land,
The royal king, to grace his warlike son, 100
Would not alone safe-conduct give to them,
But with all bounty feasted them and theirs.

K. John. Dwell'st thou on precedents? Then be it so.—
Say, Englishman, of what degree thou art.

Sal. An earl in England though a prisoner here;
And those that know me call me Salisbury.

K. John. Then, Salisbury, say whither thou art bound.

Sal. To Calice, where my liege, King Edward, is.

K. John. To Calice, Salisbury? Then to Calice pack;
And bid the king prepare a noble grave 110
To put his princely son, black Edward, in.

And as thou travell'st westward from this place,
 Some two leagues hence there is a lofty hill,
 Whose top seems topless, for the embracing sky
 Doth hide his high head in her azure bosom ;
 Upon whose tall top when thy foot attains,
 Look back upon the humble vale beneath,
 (Humble of late, but now made proud with arms)
 And thence behold the wretched Prince of Wales,
 Hoop'd with a band of iron round about. 120
 After which sight to Calice spur amain,
 And say, the prince was smother'd and not slain :
 And tell the king, this is not all his ill,
 For I will greet him ere he thinks I will.
 Away, begone ; the smoke but of our shot
 Will choke our foes, though bullets hit them not.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

The Same. A Part of the Field of Battle.

*Alarums, as of a battle joined, skirmishings.
 Enter Prince Edward and Artois.*

Art. How fares your grace ? are you not shot, my lord ?
Pr. Ed. No, dear Artois ; but chok'd with dust and
 smoke

And stepp'd aside for breath and fresher air.

Edward the Third

ACT IV. SC. 6.

Art. Breathe then, and to't again : the amazed
French

Are quite distract with gazing on the crows ;
And, were our quivers full of shafts again,
Your grace should see a glorious day of this :—
O, for more arrows ! Lord ! that's our want.

Pr. Ed. Courage, Artois ! a fig for feathered shafts
When feathered fowls do bandy on our side ! 10
What need we fight and sweat and keep a coil
When railing crows out-scold our adversaries ?
Up, up, Artois ! the ground itself is arm'd
[With] fire-containing flint; command our bows
To hurl away their pretty-colour'd yew,
And to't with stones : away, Artois, away ;
My soul doth prophesy we win the day. [Exeunt.]

Alarums, and Parties skirmishing. Enter King John.

K. John. Our multitudes are in themselves confounded,
Dismayed and distraught ; swift-starting fear
Hath buzz'd a cold dismay through all our army, 20
And every petty disadvantage prompts
The fear-possessed abject soul to fly :
Myself, whose spirit is steel to their dull lead
(What with recalling of the prophecy
And that our native stones from English arms
Rebel against us) find myself attainted
With strong surprise of weak and yielding fear.

Enter Charles.

Char. Fly, father, fly ! the French do kill the French ;
 Some that would stand let drive at some that fly :
 Our drums strike nothing but discouragement, 30
 Our trumpets sound dishonour and retire ;
 The spirit of fear, that feareth nought but death,
 Cowardly works confusion on itself.

Enter Philip.

Phil. Pluck out your eyes and see not this day's shame !
 An arm hath beat an army ; one poor David
 Hath with a stone foil'd twenty stout Goliah's :
 Some twenty naked starvelings with small flints
 Have driven back a puissant host of men,
 Array'd and fenc'd in all accomplishments.

K. John. Mordieu, they quoit at us and kill us up ; 40
 No less than forty thousand wicked elders
 Have forty lean slaves this day ston'd to death.

Char. O, that I were some-other-countryman !
 This day hath set derision on the French,
 And all the world will blurt and scorn at us.

K. John. What, is there no hope left ?

Phil. No hope but death, to bury up our shame.

K. John. Make up once more with me ; the twentieth
 part
 Of those that live are men enough to quail
 The feeble handful on the adverse part. 50

Edward the Third

ACT IV. SC. 7.

Char. Then charge again : if Heaven be not oppos'd,
We cannot lose the day.

K. John. On, [on] ; away. [Exeunt.]

Alarums, etc. Enter Audley, wounded, and two
Esquires, his rescuers.

First Esq. How fares my lord?

Aud. Even as a man may do,
That dines at such a bloody feast as this.

Second Esq. I hope, my lord, that is no mortal scar.

Aud. No matter, if it be ; the count is cast,
And, in the worst, ends but a mortal man.
Good friends, convey me to the princely Edward,
That, in the crimson bravery of my blood,
I may become him with saluting him ; 60
I 'll smile and tell him that this open scar
Doth end the harvest of his Audley's war. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII

The Same. The English Camp.

Flourish. Enter Prince Edward, in triumph, leading
prisoners, King John and his son Charles ; and
Officers, Soldiers, etc., with ensigns spread.

Pr. Ed. Now, John in France, and lately John of
France,

Thy bloody ensigns are my captive colours ;
 And you, high-vaunting Charles of Normandy,
 That once to-day sent me a horse to fly,
 Are now the subjects of my clemency.
 Fie, lords ! is 't not a shame that English boys,
 Whose early days are yet not worth a beard,
 Should in the bosom of your kingdom thus,
 One against twenty, beat you up together ?

K. John. Thy fortune, not thy force, hath conquer'd us.
Pr. Ed. An argument that Heaven aids the right.— 11

Enter Artois, with Philip.

See, see, Artois doth bring with him along
 The late good-counsel-giver to my soul !—
 Welcome, Artois, and welcome, Philip, too :
 Who now, of you or I, have need to pray !
 Now is the proverb verified in you,
 Too bright a morning breeds a louring day,—

Enter Audley, led by the two Esquires.

But, say, what grim discouragement comes here !
 Alas, what thousand armed men of France
 Have writ that note of death in Audley's face ?— 20
 Speak, thou that woo'st death with thy careless
 smile
 And look'st so merrily upon thy grave

Edward the Third

ACT IV. SC. 7.

As if thou wert enamour'd on thine end,
What hungry sword hath so bereav'd thy face
And lopp'd a true friend from my loving soul?

Aud. O prince, thy sweet becoming speech to me
Is as a mournful knell to one dead-sick.

Pr. Ed. Dear Audley, if my tongue ring out thy end,
My arms shall be thy grave : what may I do,
To win thy life, or to revenge thy death? 30
If thou wilt drink the blood of captive kings
Or that it were restorative, command
A health of king's blood, and I'll drink to thee :
If honour may dispense for thee with death,
The never-dying honour of this day
Share wholly, Audley, to thyself, and live.

Aud. Victorious prince,—that thou art so, behold
A Cæsar's fame in kings' captivity,—
If I could hold dim death but at a bay,
Till I did see my liege thy royal father, 40
My soul should yield this castle of my flesh,
This mangled tribute, with all willingness
To darkness, consummation, dust and worms.

Pr. Ed. Cheerly, bold man ! thy soul is all too proud
To yield her city for one little breach ;
Should be divorced from her earthly spouse
By the soft temper of a Frenchman's sword ?
Lo, to repair thy life, I give to thee
Three thousand marks a year in English land.

Aud. I take thy gift, to pay the debts I owe. 50

These two poor squires redeem'd me from the French,
With lusty and dear hazard of their lives ;
What thou hast given me, I give to them ;
And, as thou lov'st me, prince, lay thy consent
To this bequeath in my last testament.

Pr. Ed. Renowned Audley, live, and have from me
This gift twice doubled, to these squires and thee :
But, live or die, what thou hast given away,
To these and theirs shall lasting freedom stay.—
Come, gentlemen, I'll see my friend bestow'd 60
Within an easy litter ; then we'll march
Proudly toward Calice with triumphant pace
Unto my royal father, and there bring
The tribute of my wars, fair France's king. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I

Picardy. The English Camp before Calais.

Enter King Edward, with Philippa his Queen, and Derby; Officers, Soldiers, etc.

K. Ed. No more, Queen Philip, pacify yourself ;
Copland, except he can excuse his fault,
Shall find displeasure written in our looks.—
And now unto this proud resisting town :
Soldiers, assault ; I will no longer stay,
To be deluded by their false delays ;
Put all to sword, and make the spoil your own.

Trumpets sound to arms. Enter, from the town, six Citizens, in their shirts, and barefoot, with halters about their necks.

Cit. Mercy, King Edward ! mercy, gracious lord !

K. Ed. Contemptuous villains ! call ye now for truce ?
Mine ears are stopp'd against your bootless
cries :— 10

Sound, drums ; [Alarum] draw, threat'ning swords !

1 *Cit.* Ah, noble prince, take pity on this town,
 And hear us, mighty king !
 We claim the promise that your highness made ;
 The two days' respite is not yet expir'd,
 And we are come with willingness to bear
 What torturing death or punishment you please,
 So that the trembling multitude be sav'd.

K. *Ed.* My promise? well, I do confess as much :
 But I require the chiefest citizens, 20
 And men of most account, that should submit.
 You peradventure are but servile grooms
 Or some felonious robbers on the sea,
 Whom, apprehended, law would execute,
 Albeit severity lay dead in us :
 No, no, ye cannot overreach us thus.

2 *Cit.* The sun, dread lord, that in the western fall
 Beholds us now low brought through misery,
 Did in the orient purple of the morn
 Salute our coming forth, when we were known ; 30
 Or may our portion be with damned fiends.

K. *Ed.* If it be so, then let our covenant stand,
 We take possession of the town in peace :
 But, for yourselves, look you for no remorse ;
 But, as imperial justice hath decreed,
 Your bodies shall be dragg'd about these walls
 And after feel the stroke of quartering steel :
 This is your doom ;—go, soldiers, see it done.

Queen. Ah, be more mild unto these yielding men !

It is a glorious thing, to stablish peace ; 40
 And kings approach the nearest unto God,
 By giving life and safety unto men.
 As thou intendentest to be King of France,
 So let her people live to call thee king ;
 For what the sword cuts down or fire hath spoil'd
 Is held in reputation none of ours.

K. Ed. Although experience teach us this is true,
 That peaceful quietness brings most delight
 When most of all abuses are controll'd,
 Yet, insomuch it shall be known that we 50
 As well can master our affections
 As conquer other by the dint of sword,
 Philip, prevail ; we yield to thy request ;
 These men shall live to boast of clemency,—
 And, tyranny, strike terror to thyself.

Cit. Long live your highness ! happy be your reign !

K. Ed. Go, get you hence, return unto the town ;
 And if this kindness hath deserv'd your love,
 Learn then to reverence Edward as your king.—

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Now, might we hear of our affairs abroad, 60
 We would, till gloomy winter were o'er-spent,
 Dispose our men in garrison a while.
 But who comes here ?

Enter Copland and King David.

Der. Copland, my lord, and David King of Scots.

K. Ed. Is this the proud presumptuous squire o' the north

That would not yield his prisoner to my queen?

Cop. I am, my liege, a northern squire, indeed,

But neither proud nor insolent, I trust.

K. Ed. What moved thee then to be so obstinate

To contradict our royal queen's desire?

70

Cop. No wilful disobedience, mighty lord,

But my desert and public law of arms:

I took the king myself in single fight;

And, like a soldier, would be loath to lose

The least pre-eminence that I had won:

And Copland straight upon your highness' charge

Is come to France and with a lowly mind

Doth vail the bonnet of his victory.

Receive, dread lord, the custom of my fraught,

The wealthy tribute of my labouring hands;

80

Which should long since have been surrender'd up,

Had but your gracious self been there in place.

Queen. But, Copland, thou didst scorn the king's command,

Neglecting our commission in his name.

Cop. His name I reverence, but his person more;

His name shall keep me in allegiance still,

But to his person I will bend my knee.

K. Ed. I pray thee, Philip, let displeasure pass;

This man doth please me and I like his words:

For what is he that will attempt high deeds

90

And lose the glory that ensues the same?
 All rivers have recourse unto the sea ;
 And Copland's faith, relation to his king.—
 Kneel therefore down ; now rise, King Edward's
 knight :
 And, to maintain thy state, I freely give
 Five hundred marks a year to thee and thine.—

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, Lord Salisbury : what news from Britain ?
Sal. This, mighty king : the country we have won ;
 And John de Mountford, regent of that place,
 Presents your highness with this coronet, 100
 Protesting true allegiance to your grace.
K. Ed. We thank thee for thy service, valiant earl ;
 Challenge our favour, for we owe it thee.
Sal. But now, my lord, as this is joyful news,
 So must my voice be tragical again
 And I must sing of doleful accidents.
K. Ed. What, have our men the overthrow at Poitiers ?
 Or is our son beset with too much odds ?
Sal. He was, my lord : and as my worthless self,
 With forty other serviceable knights, 110
 Under safe-conduct of the Dauphin's seal
 Did travel that way, finding him distress'd,
 A troop of lances met us on the way,
 Surpris'd, and brought us prisoners to the king ;
 Who, proud of this and eager of revenge,

Commanded straight to cut off all our heads :
 And surely we had died, but that the duke,
 More full of honour than his angry sire,
 Procur'd our quick deliverance from thence :
 But, ere we went, 'Salute your king,' quoth he, 120
 'Bid him provide a funeral for his son,
 To-day our sword shall cut his thread of life ;
 And, sooner than he thinks, we'll be with him,
 To quittance those displeasures he hath done' :
 This said, we passed, not daring to reply ;
 Our hearts were dead, our looks diffus'd and wan.
 Wand'ring, at last we climb'd unto a hill ;
 From whence, although our grief were much before,
 Yet now to see the occasion with our eyes
 Did thrice so much increase our heaviness : 130
 For there, my lord, O, there we did descry
 Down in a valley how both armies lay.
 The French had cast their trenches like a ring ;
 And every barricado's open front
 Was thick emboss'd with brazen ordinance.
 Here stood a battle of ten thousand horse ;
 There twice as many pikes, in quadrant-wise :
 Here cross-bows and deadly-wounding darts :
 And in the midst, like to a slender point
 Within the compass of the horizon,— 140
 As 't were a rising bubble in the sea,
 A hazel-wand amidst a wood of pines,
 Or as a bear fast chain'd unto a stake,—

Edward the Third

ACT V. SC. I.

Stood famous Edward, still expecting when
Those dogs of France would fasten on his flesh.
Anon, the death-procuring knell begins :
Off go the cannons, that, with trembling noise,
Did shake the very mountain where they stood ;
Then sound the trumpets' clangour in the air,
The battles join : and, when we could no more 150
Discern the difference 'twixt the friend and foe,
(So intricate the dark confusion was)
Away we turn'd our wat'ry eyes, with sighs
As black as powder fuming into smoke.
And thus, I fear, unhappy have I told
The most untimely tale of Edward's fall.

Queen. Ah me ! is this my welcome into France ?
Is this the comfort that I look'd to have
When I should meet with my beloved son ?
Sweet Ned, I would thy mother in the sea 160
Had been prevented of this mortal grief !

K. Ed. Content thee, Philip : 'tis not tears will serve
To call him back if he be taken hence :
Comfort thyself, as I do, gentle queen,
With hope of sharp, unheard-of, dire revenge.—
He bids me to provide his funeral ;
And so I will : but all the peers in France
Shall mourners be and weep out bloody tears
Until their empty veins be dry and sere :
The pillars of his hearse shall be their bones ; 170
The mould that covers him, their cities' ashes ;

His knell, the groaning cries of dying men ;
 And, in the stead of tapers on his tomb,
 An hundred fifty towers shall burning blaze,
 While we bewail our valiant son's decease.

Flourish of Trumpets within. Enter a Herald.

Her. Rejoice, my lord ; ascend the imperial throne !
 The mighty and redoubted Prince of Wales,
 Great servitor to bloody Mars in arms,
 The Frenchman's terror and his country's fame,
 Triumphant rideth like a Roman peer : 180
 And, lowly at his stirrup, comes afoot
 King John of France together with his son
 In captive bonds ; whose diadem he brings
 To crown thee with and to proclaim thee king.
K. Ed. Away with mourning, Philip, wipe thine eyes ;—
 Sound, trumpets, welcome in Plantagenet !

*A loud flourish. Enter Prince Edward, Audley, Artois,
 with King John and Philip.*

As things, long lost, when they are found again,
 So doth my son rejoice his father's heart,
 For whom, even now, my soul was much perplex'd !

[Embracing the Prince.]

Queen. Be this a token to express my joy, 190
 [Kissing him.]

For inward passions will not let me speak.

Edward the Third

ACT V. SC. I.

Pr. Ed. My gracious father, here receive the gift,
[Presenting him with King John's crown.]

This wreath of conquest and reward of war,
Got with as mickle peril of our lives
As e'er was thing of price before this day ;
Install your highness in your proper right :
And, herewithal, I render to your hands
These prisoners, chief occasion of our strife.

K. Ed. So, John of France, I see you keep your word.

You promis'd to be sooner with ourself 200
Than we did think for, and 'tis so indeed :
But, had you done at first as now you do,
How many civil towns had stood untouch'd
That now are turn'd to ragged heaps of stones ?

How many people's lives might 'st thou have sav'd
That are untimely sunk into their graves ?

K. John. Edward, recount not things irrevocable ;
Tell me what ransom thou requir'st to have.

K. Ed. Thy ransom, John, hereafter shall be known .
But first to England thou must cross the seas 210

To see what entertainment it affords ;
Howe'er it falls, it cannot be so bad
As ours hath been since we arriv'd in France.

K. John. Accursed man ! of this I was foretold,
But did misconster what the prophet told.

Pr. Ed. Now, father, this petition Edward makes,—
 To Thee, [kneels] whose grace hath been his
 strongest shield,
 That, as Thy pleasure chose me for the man
 To be the instrument to show Thy power,
 So Thou wilt grant, that many princes more, 220
 Bred and brought up within that little isle,
 May still be famous for like victories!—
 And, for my part, the bloody scars I bear,
 The weary nights that I have watch'd in field,
 The dangerous conflicts I have often had,
 The fearful menaces were proffer'd me,
 The heat and cold and what else might dis-
 please,
 I wish were now redoubled twenty-fold;
 So that hereafter ages, when they read
 The painful traffic of my tender youth, 230
 Might thereby be inflamed with such resolve
 As not the territories of France alone,
 But likewise Spain, Turkey, and what countries
 else
 That justly would provoke fair England's ire,
 Might, at their presence, tremble and retire!

K. Ed. Here, English lords, we do proclaim a rest,
 An interceasing of our painful arms:
 Sheathe up your swords, refresh your weary
 limbs,
 Peruse your spoils; and, after we have breath'd

Edward the Third

ACT V. SC. I.

A day or two within this haven-town, 240
God willing, then for England we'll be shipp'd ;
Where, in a happy hour, I trust, we shall
Arrive, three kings, two princes, and a queen.

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*



GLOSSARY

- ABUS'D, ill-treated; III. ii. 71.
 ACCEPTABLE, welcome; I. ii. 39.
 ACCOMPLEMENTS, things that complete a warrior's equipment; IV. vi. 39.
 ACT, law, decree; II. i. 269.
 ADULTERATE, adulterous; II. i. 110.
 ADVANCED, lifted on high; I. ii. 52.
 AGAIN, against; I. ii. 79.
 ALMAINE, Germany; I. i. 152.
 ANSWER, correspond to; III. iii. 153.
 ANY WAYS, by any means; II. i. 343.
 APPARENT, open to view; III. iii. 22.
 APPREHEND, conceive; II. i. 131.
 APPROVES, proves; III. iii. 118.
 ARRIVAL, landing; III. iii. 17.
 ARRIVE, land, come to shore; II. ii. 157.
 ARTIFICIAL, produced by art, artful; III. iii. 81.
 ATTAINED, infected, IV. vi. 26.
 ATTENDANCE, attention; II. i. 77.
 ATTIREMENT, array, attire; III. iii. 178. Cf. Painter, *Palace of Pleasure* I. 45, 'So she tare the attirement from her head and body.'
- BANDY, contend, fight; IV. vi. 10.
 BATTLE, a force, squadron; III. i. 97; V. i. 136.
 BATTLED, arrayed for battle; IV. iv. 14.
 BATTLE-RAY, line of battle; IV. iii.
- 69, 76. See 'Ray'. Cf. Greene, *James IV.* (ed. Dyce), p. 218; *Alphonsus* (p. 242).
 BATTLES, bodies of troops; III. iii. 225.
 BAY, HOLD AT A. See *Hold at a bay*.
 BECOME, grace, ennable, beautify; II. i. 395; IV. viii. 26.
 BEGIRT, encompass, invest; III. v. 108.
 BELIKE, as it seems; IV. ii. 4x, 67.
 BEQUEATH, bequest; IV. vii. 55.
 BESIEGE, siege; II. i. 412.
 BIDE THE TOUCH, stand the trial; III. iii. 14x.
 BLACK, ugly; II. ii. 109.
 BLURT AT, pish at, show contempt of; IV. vi. 45. Cf. *Pericles*; IV. iii. 34.
 BRAVE, boast, vaunt; I. i. 115.
 BRAVERY, splendour, finery; IV. vi. 59.
 BRAVING, boasting; IV. iv. 15.
 BREATHE OURSELVES, take breath; III. v. 3.
 BREATHE OUT, live out; III. v. 37.
 BRITAIN, Brittany; I. i. 133; IV. L 4.
 BRITISH, Breton; IV. iv. 75.
 BRUITED, rumoured; III. i. 9.
 BUCKLE, to join in close fight; III. i. 126.
 BULLOIN, Boulogne; III. i. 178.
 BURGONET, a close-fitting helmet; IV. iv. 83.
 CALICE, Calais, *passim*.

GLOSSARY

CARPING, prating, chattering; **iv.** iv. 99.
 CASE, skin; **i.** i. 98.
 CATES, dainties; **III.** i. 124.
 CHARACTER'D, inscribed, written; **II.** i. 307; **IV.** v. 76.
 CHARGE, substance, belongings; **III.** ii. 24; note (?), **III.** v. 58 (*see note*); expense, sum paid, **IV.** i. 23.
 CHARGED, burdened; **IV.** v. 89.
 CIRCUMSTANCE, circumlocution; **III.** i. 8.
 CLEFTURES, holes; **III.** i. 164.
 CLOAK ITSELF ON, excuse itself on the score of; **II.** ii. 82.
 CLOSE, secret; **II.** i. 305.
 CLOSELY, secretly; **i.** ii. 16.
 COAST, tract, country; **III.** i. 101.
 COCKNEY, effeminate person; **III.** v. 102.
 COIL, bustle, ado; **IV.** vi. 21. See *Keep a coil*.
 COMFORT, reinforcement; **i.** ii. 66, 74.
 COMPARE, comparison; **i.** ii. 156.
 COMPASS, achieve, effect; **IV.** i. 37; encompass, **IV.** iii. 59.
 CONCEIT, opinion; **III.** i. 105.
 CONFOUND, destroy; **II.** i. 353.
 CONJOINS, joins with him; **III.** i. 29.
 CONVENTICLE, meeting-place, **II.** i. 63.
 CONVERT, change, turn (*v. intr.*); **II.** i. 456.
 COST, pomp; **i.** ii. 153.
 COTING; **IV.** iv. 24. See *note*.
 COUNT IS CAST, THE, the reckoning is made; **IV.** vi. 56.
 CROPP'D, mown down; **III.** iii. 40; **III.** v. 72.
 CROSS, retaliatory; **III.** iii. 97.
 CURRENT, valid; **IV.** iv. 69.
 DARE, daunt, balk; **III.** v. 46.
 DEAR, deeply felt; **II.** ii. 134.
 DEFACED, disfigured, blotted out; **IV.** v. 1.

The Reign of King

DRIVE, dig; **i.** ii. 153.
 DESCANT; **II.** i. 121. See *note* and GROUND below.
 DESCENT, descendant, progeny; **i.** i. 48.
 DESPATCH, dismiss; **IV.** v. 55.
 DESPITE, ill-will; **III.** iii. 98.
 DIFFUSED, wild, disordered; **v.** i. 126.
 DISCIPLINE, learning; **II.** i. 187.
 DISCOVER, bring to light, reveal; **i.** i. 31; **II.** ii. 208.
 DIGESTS, digests; helps the digestion of; **III.** i. 124.
 DISLODGE, break up camp; **i.** ii. 56.
 DISTAIN, stain, defile; **II.** i. 391.
 DISTRACT, distracted; **IV.** vi. 5.
 DONE, destroyed; **i.** ii. 97.
 DOUBLE-GILD, doubly colour or stain, **IV.** iv. 98.
 DRUM, drummer; **II.** ii. 55, 75.
 EARNEST-PENNY, earnest, promise; **III.** i. 151.
 EMBATTLED, set in battle-array; **IV.** v. 31.
 EMBOSSED, projecting in places; **v.** i. 135.
 EMBRACEMENT, embrace; **III.** iii. 28.
 EMMETS, ants; **III.** v. 28.
 ENCOUCH, imbed; **II.** i. 69.
 ENDAMAGEMENT, injury; **II.** i. 378.
 ENGIRT, surrounded, encompassed; **IV.** iv. 89.
 ENLARGE, set at liberty; **III.** iii. 8.
 ENVIR'D, environed, encompassed; **II.** i. 414.
 ENVY, hatred; **III.** ii. 12.
 EPICURES, pleasure-lovers; **III.** i. 25.
 EXPEDIENT, speedy; **IV.** iv. 10.
 EXPULS'D, expelled; **III.** ii. 48.
 EXTEMPORAL, able to pray extem pore; **IV.** iv. 104

Edward the Third

GLOSSARY

EXTREMITY, extreme degree ; III. i. 129 ; issue, end, IV. iii. 19.

EYELESS, where nothing can be seen ; IV. iv. 9.

FEARFUL, timorous, terror-stricken ; III. v. 103.

FELL, fallen ; III. v. 12. Cf. *King Lear*, IV. vi. 54, etc.

FENCED, defended, armed ; IV. vi. 39.

FILL'D, fulfilled ; III. v. 86.

FLANKERS, troops on the flanks of a position or army ; II. i. 186.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE, the white lily (the emblem of France) ; III. i. 79 ; III. ii. 43.

FOIL, to mar, undo ; III. iii. 77.

FOIL, defeat ; III. i. 142. See *Ta'en the foil*.

FOND, foolish ; I. ii. 162.

FORAGE, plunder ; IV. iii. 81.

FORAGEMENT, prowling, rapine ; II. i. 396.

FORWARD, eager, ready ; II. i. 300 ; III. iii. 206.

FOUL, ugly ; II. ii. 110.

FAUGHT, freight ; III. v. 68.

FUGITIVE, a vagabond ; III. iii. 52, 154.

FURTHERANCE, support ; IV. i. 5.

GAME, stake, prize ; III. i. 52 (see note) ; pursued animal ; III. v. 110.

GENOA'S, troops of Genoa ; III. iv. 3.

GIV'N WAY UNTO, favoured ; III. v. 8.

GLAIVES, broadswords ; III. v. 76.

GLOSS, deceitful appearance, mask ; I. i. 78.

GRIEF, grievance ; I. ii. 6.

GRIEVOUS, stern, serious ; III. v. 36.

GROOMS, menials, fellows ; V. i. 22.

GROUND, the bass in part-music ; II. i. 122. Cf. Ben. Jonson, *Love's Welcome at Welbeck* : 'The treble

part, the tenor, and the ground' ; and Bacon (ed. Spedding, III. 427) : 'We see, upon the lute or like instrument, a *ground*, though it be sweet and have show of many changes, yet breaketh not the hand to such strange and hard stops and passages as a *set song* or *voluntary*' See note.

GRUDGING, murmuring, taking it ill, III. iv. 5.

GUIDE, guidance ; III. iii. 1.

GYMOULD, consisting of double rings ; I. ii. 29. Cf. *Henry V.*, IV. ii. 49.

HAGGARD-LIKE, like a *haggard*, or wild hawk ; III. v. 47.

HAND, OUT OF. See *Out of hand*.

HEARTEN UP, encourage ; IV. v. 41. HOLD AT A BAY, hold at bay (as a hunted animal turning against its pursuers), IV. vii. 39. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, V. ii. 56.

Hold on, continue ; II. i. 50.

HONESTY, honour ; II. i. 376.

HOST,odge ; I. ii. 166.

HUGY, huge ; II. i. 402.

HUMAN, humane ; II. i. 79.

IMPALE, encircle ; III. iii. 180. A.B. impall.

INDIRECTLY, out of the straight line of descent ; I. i. 37.

INSTANT, acting as one ; IV. iv. 54.

INTERCEASING, mutual cessation ; V. i. 237.

INVOCATE, invoke ; II. i. 65.

JACKS, coats of mail ; I. ii. 29.

JADES, hacks, inferior horses ; III. iii. 162 ; III. v. 102 ; IV. iv. 96.

JENNET, a small horse ; IV. iv. 90.

KEEP A COIL, make great ado ; IV. vi. 11. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, III. iv. 23 : 'We'll keep no great ado.'

GLOSSARY

LEATHERN, skin-clad (Furnivall); II. ii. 17.
 LEAVE, leave off, cease; III. iii. 68; IV. v. 77.
 LIABLE TO, subject to; I. ii. 46.
 LIES ON AN UPSHOT, is at a critical moment; III. v. 109.
 LINE, lineament; III. iii. 81.
 LIVELY, vehement, vigorous; I. i. 4.
 LOOK, look out, provide; III. ii. 25.
 LUSTY, lively, vigorous; II. i. 54; III. iii. 221; IV. vii. 52.
 MAKE FAIR WEATHER, show a friendly disposition; I. ii. 23.
 MAKE UP, bring up forces; IV. vi. 48. Cf. 2 *Henry VI.*, II. i. 40.
 MALCONTENT, in a bad humour; II. ii. 15.
 MANAGE, direction of affairs; III. iii. 224.
 MAP, picture, image; III. iii. 218.
 MARTIALISTS, warriors; III. iii. 174.
 MASSY, solid; II. i. 136.
 MATE, fellow (a term of contempt); III. iii. 53.
 MICKLE, great; v. i. 194.
 MISCONSTER, misconstrue; v. i. 215.
 MO, more; IV. iv. 56.
 MORDIEU (Mort de Dieu), 'Sdeath'; IV. vi. 40.
 MOVING, power to move the passions; II. i. 73.
 NEAR, nearer; I. ii. 125.
 NEIGHBOURHOOD, neighbourliness; III. i. 40.
 NIGGARD, stint; I. ii. 126.
 OBJECTION, interposition; II. ii. 123.
 OBSCURE, to conceal or degrade; I. i. 19.
 ON FOOT, running, flying; III. v. 110.
 OPEN, reveal, disclose; II. ii. 14.

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OPPOSITION, counter-proposal; II. ii. 146.
 ORIENT, bright; v. i. 29.
 ORISONS, prayers; IV. iv. 78.
 OUT OF HAND, straightway; IV. ii. 55.
 OUTRAGEOUS, violent, atrocious; IV. iii. 65.
 OWE, possess; II. i. 307.
 PACK, begone, hasten away; IV. v. 110.
 PACKING, plotting; II. ii. 167.
 PAINFUL, laborious; v. i. 230, 237.
 PARTY, a side in battle; IV. iv. 14.
 PARTI-COLOURED, variegated; I. ii. 153.
 PATRONAGE, protect; III. iii. 214.
 PEEVISH, childish; II. i. 23.
 PEISE, load; II. i. 303. Cf. *Richard III.*, v. iii. 105: 'Lest leaden slumber peise me down.'
 PENETRABLE, penetrating; II. ii. 64.
 PLATE, plate-armour; I. ii. 52.
 POWER, force, host; IV. iv. 41.
 PRESENTLY, forthwith; III. iii. 44, 161, 168, etc.
 PRETENDED, alleged; III. iii. 105.
 PRICKING, rapidly advancing, galloping; I. ii. 48.
 PROPER, own; II. i. 313.
 PUSSANT, powerful; III. i. 54; IV. iv. 63.
 QUESTION, discussion; III. iii. 109.
 QUICK, living; III. i. 156.
 QUIT, discharged (from debt); IV. i. 24; IV. iii. 5.
 QUITTANCE, requite; v. i. 124.
 RACK, drive; II. i. 4. Cf. 3 *Henry VI.*, II. i. 27, 'The racking clouds'; and Ben Jonson, 'The clouds rack clear before the sun.'
 RACK'T, kept in suspense, tortured; I. i. 46.

Edward the Third

GLOSSARY

- RARIETIES, rarities, perfections ; II. ii. 116.
- 'RAV, array ; III. iii. 227.
- READINESS, equipment ; III. i. 4.
- REBATE, to bring down, reduce ; I. i. 40.
- RECOURSE, current, flow ; v. i. 92. Cf. *Trovilus*, v. iii. 55.
- REDOUBTED, dreaded ; v. i. 177.
- REGARDS, considerations ; II. ii. 134.
- REGREET, greet [again?] ; III. v. 64.
- RESOLVED, resolved upon ; IV. iv. 145.
- RESOUNDS, resounding noises ; II. ii. 61.
- RESTY-STIFF, restively obstinate ; III. iii. 161.
- RETIRE, retreat ; IV. vi. 31.
- ROADS, raids, inroads ; I. ii. 25.
- ROYALIZED, made royal ; IV. iv. 37.
- SATIRICAL, bitterly offensive ; II. i. ix ; III. iii. 75.
- SCANDALOUS, blameworthy ; II. i. 417 ; IV. iii. 12.
- SCAR, wound ; IV. vi. 55, 61 ; V. i. 223.
- SCAR'D, wounded, pierced ; I. i. 111.
- SCORN, jeer ; I. ii. 66 ; IV. vi. 45.
- SCORNFUL, exposed to scorn ; I. ii. 7.
- SCOUR, hasten ; II. ii. 205.
- SECURE, careless ; IV. iii. 23.
- SECURELY, carelessly ; III. iii. 9x.
- SEIGNORY, lordship ; I. i. 3.
- SELF, same ; IV. iv. 54.
- SERE, withered ; V. i. 169.
- SHIFTS, contrivances, stratagems ; I. i. 76 ; III. i. 172.
- SILLY, harmless ; IV. ii. 29.
- SIRRAH, sir (contemptuously) ; IV. ii. 69.
- SITH, since ; II. ii. 130.
- SNAFFLES, bridles crossing the nose ; I. ii. 28.
- SOOTHING, flattery ; III. i. 7.
- SOTS, makes foolish ; II. i. 81.
- SPLEEN, heat, impetuosity ; I. i. 160.
- STALLS, installs ; III. i. 30.
- STOOD UPON, insisted on, taken advantage of ; IV. iii. 9.
- SUBSCRIBE, sign (a document) ; IV. iii. 14, 48.
- SUDDENLY, quickly ; III. iv. 5.
- SUMMER-LEAPING, leaping for joy in summer-time ; II. i. 107. Cf. 'The summer-swellung flower'—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. iv. 162.
- SURPRISE, an overpowering seizure ; IV. vi. 26.
- SWEET, sweeten ; II. ii. 102.
- TA'EN THE FOIL, sustained defeat ; III. i. 142. Cf. i *Henry VI.* III. iii. ix : 'Before that England give the French the foil.'
- TARGET, shield ; III. iii. 199.
- TELL, count ; II. i. 135 ; IV. iv. 57, 58.
- TENDERING, regarding, treating kindly ; IV. iv. 112.
- TEXTED, written for men's instruction ; IV. iv. 129.
- THRICE-LOVING, very gracious ; II. ii. 142.
- TIGHTLY, well, briskly ; III. i. 77.
- TISSUE, a fine stuff, richly coloured, often shot with gold or silver threads ; II. i. 445.
- TOUCH, trial ; III. iii. 141.
- TOWARDS, forward ; IV. iv. 107.
- TRAFFIC, employment, exertion ; V. i. 230.
- TRAVEL, labour, exertion ; III. v. 69 ; IV. ii. 44.
- TYPE, sign, symbol ; III. iii. 175.
- UNCOUPLE, *i.e.* our dogs ; I. ii. 9x.
- UNITE, united ; III. i. 75.
- UNPOLISHED, rude, artless ; I. i. 76.
- UNTUNED, discordant, barbarous ; I. ii. 8.

GLOSSARY

UPSHOT, critical moment; III. v.
109.

URE, accustom; I i. 159.

VAIL, lower; v. i 78. Cf. *Pericles*,
II. iii. 42.

VASTURES, expanses, wastes; II. i.
402.

VAWARD, vanguard; III. iii. 220.

VERDICT, word of promise; IV. v.
78.

VIA, away! II. ii. 12.

VICIOUS, unsound, defective; III.
iii. 82.

VILD, vile (perhaps with some con-
fusion of sense with *wild*); I. ii. 12.

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VIZARD, mask; I i. 77.

VOLUNTARY; II. i. 122. See *Ground*,
and note *ad loc.*

WANT, lack; I. ii. 3.

WANTONNESS, a wanton; III. iii.
156; III. v. 101.

WAY; III. v. 8. See *Giv'n way
unto*.

WHINYARDS, swords, hangers; I. ii.
33.

WISTLY, attentively, observingly;
II. ii. 90; III. v. 110.

WOT, know; III. iii. 76.

WRACK, destruction, ruin; III. i.
151; IV. ii. 85.



NOTES

I. i. 6. If the line is not intentionally short ('*Phillip*' being perhaps monosyllabic), one might read '*Phillippe*', or, with Collier, 'succeeded to.' A B, *Phillip of Bew*, corrected by Capell.

I. i. 12. Warnke and Proescholdt suggest *daughter*, and cf. *All's Well*, III. ii. 71, *thou art all my child*—my only child.

I. i. 36. A B, *watchmen*, corrected by Delius and Collier.

I. i. 39. *And*. A B, *Ah*.

I. i. 41. *And place*, A B. *And* omitted by Capell, but retained by Warnke and Proescholdt. The omission is not necessary on metrical grounds, and it makes the grammatical construction more difficult.

I. i. 78. *Gloss*. A, *glassee*.

I. i. 87. *Spite*. A B, *spight*. Capell proposed *sight*.

I. i. 103. *i.e.* 'A voluntary defeat is less contemptible than when censure is driven home by main force.'

I. i. 105. *Degenerate*, Tyrrell, Delhus, Warnke and Proescholdt. A B and Capell, *Regenerate*.

I. i. 117. *That is*, *i.e.* (*that*) *what is . . .*

I. i. 118. *Lords*. A B, *Lord*, corrected by Capell.

I. i. 168, 169. Should these lines be transferred to the King?

I. ii. 25. *Roads*. A B, *rods*.

I. ii. 27. *Rusting*. A B, *rust in*, corrected by Capell.

I. ii. 58. Warnke and Proescholdt give 'Mean'st thou to fight, Douglas?' etc.

I. ii. 71. *She*. A B, *He*.

I. ii. 72. Delius first printed this line as an unfinished sentence.

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I. ii. 76. *They*. For *they* after the singular *Scot*, Warnke and Proescholdt cf. Troilus, v. iii. 40-42.

I. ii. 79. *Again* (A B), needs no correction.

I. ii. 81. *O summer's day!* i.e. 'O, what good fortune!' Cf. III. v. 69.

I. ii. 82. *Why, aunt.* First added by Capell.

I. ii. 95. *Tyrant's.* A B, *tyrants*. Delius, *tyrant*. It seems to mean 'fear of the usurping or invading king.'

I. ii. 96. i.e. 'As a May blossom [is sullied] with [=by, cf. II. i. 268] pernicious winds.'

For the construction, cf. Chaucer, *Clerk's Tale*, 1053-4—

'I haue thy feith and thy benignitee,
As wel as euer womman was, assayed.'

B for *with* reads *which*.

I. ii. 104. *Their.* A B, *her*. Correction proposed by Capell.

I. ii. 135. i.e. 'desire to have so potent a matter for thy contemplation that thou, Desire, may thyself be vanquished by it.'

I. ii. 153. *Pride*, A B. *Proud*, Capell. *Pied*, proposed by Capell and admitted by Delius and Warnke and Proescholdt, is bold but plausible.

I. ii. 159. *Waste*, a correction by Delius and Collier of *west*, A B.

II. i. 4. *Rack*, A. *Rackt*, B and Edd. including Warnke and Proescholdt. I believe the passage is here rightly printed for the first time since 1596.

For *rack*, see the Glossary.

II. i. 10. *Scarlet ornaments.* This expression also occurs in Shakespeare, Sonnet cxlii. 6.

II. i. 17. *Vail.* A B, *waile*.

II. i. 48. *Lodwick*. B and Edd. give *Lodowich*; but as the name is invariably dissyllabic, it seems best to follow A.

II. i. 57. *Queens*, a correction by Delius of *Queen*, A B.

II. i. 68. *Talking of.* *Query, tokening of?* Cf. I. i. 126.

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II. i. 71. *Tartar's.* A B, *Torters*, corrected by Capell.
II. i. 78. *Strains.* B and Warnke and Proescholdt, *straine*.
II. i. 82. *Is,* A B. Needlessly corrected by Capell, *as*, which is adopted by the Edd., including Warnke and Proescholdt.
II. i. 121, 122. On the musical allusions in these lines, Mr. Worrall writes to me as follows:—"Both *voluntary* and *ground* are technical terms in music, but I don't think *voluntary ground* would have any sense in music, and in that case the writer is simply playing with technical terms which he perhaps only imperfectly understands. *Descant* is quite properly used for the part (or parts) composed over a *ground* or "plain-song"; the *ground* is given, so to say, to the composer—he does not tamper with it, but composes the upper parts so as to agree with it. Cf. Richard III. iii. 7. 49, "On that ground I'll build a holy descant." Then I imagine that "*voluntary*"—a composition in which all the parts are of the composer's own invention, and there is no one part given beforehand as a fixed *ground* or bass. Morley says (e.g.) "to make two parts vpon a plainesong is more hard than to make three partes into voluntary."

'If this is so, "*voluntary ground*," if pressed, would be self-contradictory. I think the writer has added the epithet to *ground*, as a musical term with which he was more or less familiar, to make a sort of pun—the *ground*, being one of love, was self-chosen and not prescribed.' See also Glossary, *Ground*.

II. i. 87. Cf. 2 Henry VI. II. i. 12, 'bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch,' and Richard II. I. i. 109, 'how high a pitch his resolution soars.'

II. i. 105. It would seem as though a line or two had here dropped out, in which the King first compared the Countess's voice to music or the nightingale, and then withdrew the comparison.

'[but why should I compare]
Her voice to music or the nightingale?'

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II. i. 126. *Read, Lodwick, read.* A B, *Reade, Lorde, reade*, to which Collier rightly took exception. I adopt the suggestion of Warnke and Proescholdt, 'We have perhaps to read: *Read, Lodwick, read.*' If 'Lodwick' was abbreviated to 'Lo.' or 'Lod,' the confusion with 'Lord' would arise at once. And in fact at lines 1, 80, 99 of this scene, A prefixes to Lodwick's speeches '*Lor.*'

II. i. 137. *Sand by sand.* A B, *said by said*, corrected by Capell. Cf. III. v. 74 n.

II. i. 152. *Treasure.* A B, *treason*, corrected by Capell.

II. i. 167. *Queen.* A B, *louer*, corrected by Capell.

II. i. 184. *Treasurer.* B and most Edd. *treasure*. But Warnke and Proescholdt well quote Painter, *Palace of Pleasure*, p. 186 A, 'that like a faithfull keeper and only treasuror of my heart, you may . . .,' etc.

II. i. 186. *Squadrons*, a trisyllable. Cf. *sacred*, II. i. 249; *hundred*, III. v. 97.

II. i. 213. *It*, supplied by Capell.

II. i. 234. *Lend.* A, *leue*.

II. i. 241. *Lend.* A, *leave*.

II. i. 249. *Sacred*, trisyllabic. See l. 186 n. above.

II. i. 264. *i.e.* 'Adam, who reigned sole on the universe.'

II. i. 273. *Doth but to try*, *i.e.* 'doth merely try' (Abbott, 350).

II. i. 281. *Beauty . . . beauty.* A B, *have bewties . . . bewtie*. Warnke and Proescholdt read *bewties . . . bewties*.

II. i. 285. *Juice.* A B, *vice*. The correction is due to Capell.

II. i. 287. *Ward.* Capell's correction of *weed*, A B.

II. i. 326. *Unswear.* Capell's correction of *answere*, A B.

II. i. 338. *Or . . . or*, A B. The sense seems, however, to demand the adoption of Warnke and Proescholdt's emendation: *or . . . and*.

II. i. 347. *O . . . O.* Capell's correction of *O . . . or*, A B.

II. i. 373. *Arrant*, A B. I see no reason for substituting *graceless*, as is usual.

II. i. 404. *Thy*. Capell's correction of *their*, A B.

II. i. 407, 408. Should *harm* and *shame* be transposed?

II. i. 414. *Envir'd*. Unnecessary difficulty has been caused by this word. *Inuierd*, A B, is intended, by Delius *inwir'd*, by Warnke and Proescholdt *injured*, by M. Moltke *environed*, of which word Elze, more nearly right, thought *inuierd* a possible abbreviation. The verb *enure* (= *environ*) is found elsewhere.

II. i. 418. I retain the line as given by A, thinking with Warnke and Proescholdt that *branches* may be monosyllabic. (Cf. *Tempest*, II. i. 283.) It is, however, possible that *then* has crept in from the below.

II. i. 426. *Shame for shame*. I incline to think that this is a writer's slip for *Shame for sin*. The latter part of the line suggests the need of two different words here also.

II. i. 448. *Glory*. Capell's correction of *gloomie*, A B.

II. ii. 10. Warnke and Proescholdt note the spelling of A B, *leuetenant* (= *leivetenant*) as indicating the pronunciation.

II. ii. 39. *Abundance*. A B, *abundant*. In II. i. 15, A has *present* for *presence*.

II. ii. 68. *Sweet'st*. Swinburne suggests '*swift'st*.'

II. ii. 86. *To*, A. *In*, B (followed by Warnke and Proescholdt). But cf. *Measure for Measure*, III. i. 56, 'having affairs to heaven.'

II. ii. 92. A B for *is, men, have as, me*. Correction by Capell.

II. ii. 99. A B, *Shall I not then*. Correction by Capell.

II. ii. 102. *Sweet* (A B *sweete*) was needlessly altered by Capell, Delius, Collier. It = 'sweeten,' as 'foul' (one's nest) = 'defile,' and the sentiment is entirely in the spirit of the Elizabethan historical drama. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, II. vi. 26, 'Sweeten with thy breath this neighbour air.'

II. ii. 116. *Rarities*, A B. Warnke and Proescholdt read

varieties with Delius and Collier. But *rarieties* is certainly sound. It occurs in the first two folios in *Tempest*, II. i. 58, 60 (prose).

II. ii. 118. *My.* A B, *thy*.

II. ii. 128. *Tender*, Capell. A B, *render*.

II. ii. 136. *I'll compel I will*, i.e. 'I'll compel that I will, I'll force myself to desire.'

II. ii. 139. *Them*. Correction by Capell of A B, *then*.

II. ii. 156. *Hellespont*, proposed by Tyrrell for A B, *hellie* (*helly*) *spout*.

II. ii. 168, 169. *Resolv'd*. A B in both lines have *resolute*. I follow Warnke and Proescholdt in believing *resolute* (=resolv'd) to be in each case right. *Resolute* was doubtless introduced into line 168 by a corrector who did not see that *fair* was here disyllabic (as in III. ii. 54), and then into line 169 to follow suit.

II. ii. 173. *Wedding knives*. There seems to be an allusion here to some custom unknown to me.

II. ii. 210. *Gild*. A B, *guide*. Correction by Capell.

III. i. 33. *Domestic*. Correction by Capell of the curious perversion *drum stricke* A, *drumsticke* B.

III. i. 35. *Boheme*. A B, *Bohemia*, which Warnke and Proescholdt retain. Capell's correction *Boheme* is confirmed by III. v. 73.

III. i. 52. *Game*, A, and Delius, *gaine* B, and Warnke and Proescholdt. *Game* (=stake, prize) is confirmed by a passage in Bishop L. Andrewes' 5th Sermon on Fasting (ed. 1631, p. 219), to which Mr. Worrall has referred me. 'To win but a prize at a running . . . they will abstaine from all things . . . and all is but for a poor silver game.'

III. i. 62. *Described*. A, *discribde*.

III. i. 73. The line reads—'The top-gallant o' th' Admiral.'

III. i. 97. *On the lower hand*. Cf. *Richard III.* iv. iv. 37, '*On the upper hand*'.

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- III. i. 120. *Steer.* Correction by Capell for A B, *stir.*
III. i. 124. *Sweetest.* Correction by Capell for A B, *sweete.*
III. i. 134. *Forward,* A. *Froward,* B.
III. i. 164. *Crannied.* A B, *cranny*, which is perhaps right.
III. i. 173. *Fear.* Correction by Capell of A B, *force.*
III. i. 177. *Nonpareille.* Correction by Capell of A B, *Nom per illa.*
III. i. 178. *Bulloin.* A B, *Bullen.*
III. ii. 27. *All.* A B, *ill.*
III. ii. 58. *Reeking.* A B, *leaking.* Correction by Capell. In
III. v. 89 A has *reaking*, B *wreaking.*
III. ii. 59. *Turned.* A B, *I tourned.*
III. ii. 73. *Yourselves.* A B, *you your selues.* Correction by
Capell.
III. iii. 1. *Where is.* A B, *wheres.* Correction by Capell.
III. iii. 1. *Guide,* A B. Warnke and Proescholdt adopt Capell's
correction *guidance*, but the use of similar verbal forms as noun is
too common to need justification. Cf. *bequeath*, IV. vii. 55; *besiege*,
II. i. 412; *compare*, I. ii. 156.
III. iii. 2. *Somme.* A B, *Sone.*
III. iii. 9. *A.* Not in A B.
III. iii. 20. A B, *As Harslen, Lie, Cratag, and Carentigne.*
III. iii. 25. *But.* A B, *For.*
III. iii. 38. *Of.* A B, *with.*
III. iii. 39. *I.* A B, *and.* *With,* A B, *both.* Correction by
Capell.
III. iii. 62. *So much.* A B, *such.* Correction by Capell.
III. iii. 77. *Foil* (=undo, mar). See Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*. Restored to the text by Warnke and Proescholdt.
III. iii. 81. For *lime* Collier conjectures *hue*, *Elze*, *lime*. Warnke
and Proescholdt support *lime* by *As you Like it*, III. ii. 97.
III. iii. 89. *How.* A B, *now.*

III. iii. 128. *Know.* A B, *know that.*

III. iii. 137. For the deficient syllable at the beginning of the line, cf. II. ii. 147.

III. iii. 139. *They escape.* A B, *they might escape.*

III. iii. 169. *To-day.* A B, *the day.* Warnke and Proescholdt, *this day.*

III. iii. 188. *Thy.* A B, *this.* Correction by Capell.

III. iv. 5. *So.* Added by Capell.

III. v. 12. See III. iii. 137 n.

III. v. 37. *Breathe out.* Proposed by Capell. A B, *if he breaketh out,* which Warnke and Proescholdt retain.

III. v. 58. *Charge.* There seems to be no authority for *charge* = 'trumpet-note' (in general). Is the word a mistake for *clang* or *clangour*? And further, is *loud* for *sound*, so that the line would rightly read, *The dismal clang* (or *clangour*) *of trumpets sound retreat?* Cf. v. i. 149, 'Then sound the trumpets' clangour in the air'; *Taming of the Shrew*, I. ii. 207, 'trumpets' clang'; 3 *Henry VI.* II. iii. 18, 'like to a dismal clangour'; 2 *Henry IV.* v. v. 42 (Pistol), 'trumpet-clangour sounds.' For the rhythm of the proposed line, if *clangour* be preferred, cf. II. i. 42.

III. v. 74. *Whose thousands,* Capell. A B, *whom you said.*
See II. i. 137 n.

III. v. 81. *Remember,* Capell. A B, *recover.*

III. v. 90. *Sought,* Tyrrell. A B, *fought.*

IV. i. 14. *To,* A B. Capell and subsequent editors (including Warnke and Proescholdt) correct to *at*. But *to* may stand. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. i. 35, 'He purposeth to Athens.' After verbs of motion there is no *to* before a following inflexion. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, II. vii. 43, 'to come view fair Portia.'

IV. i. 16. *That,* Capell. A B, *yet.*

IV. i. 31. *Thyself.* A B, *thou* (perhaps from the next line).

IV. i. 39. *Me,* A B. For this reading, which makes excellent

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sense, Capell proposed *thee*, which Warnke and Proescholdt strangely adopt.

IV. i. 43. *This*, Capell. A B, *thus*.

IV. ii. 22. *Charitable*, dissyllabic ('*char'tble*').

IV. ii. 34. *Flesh*. Correction by Delius and Collier for *fresh*, A B.

IV. ii. 37. *Commends her*, Capell's correction for *comes heere*, A B.

IV. ii. 43. *Fruitful*, A, *Faithful*, B. Cf. Lodge, *Wounds of Civil War*, p. 18 (Hunterian ed.), 'If fruitful counsailes of thy forward friends May take effect.'

IV. iii. 8. *For advantage of our foes* (=over our foes). Cf. our phrase 'to take advantage of some one.'

IV. iv. 2, 3. Warnke and Proescholdt print a semicolon after *die*. But the sense seems to be, 'save that in dying we pay a bitter price for a life sweeter than this, i.e. 'death, however bitter at the moment, is an earnest of a better life.' For *to die*, cf. II. i. 17, 19, 21, and *Richard II*. i. iii. 244, where Dr. Herford remarks: 'To, with the infinitive often in Early English, introduces a clause describing the circumstance *in* (or *by*) which something happens.'

IV. iv. 5. *Mouths*. Interpreted by Warnke and Proescholdt as = 'moths,' which seems doubtful.

IV. iv. 24. *Coting*. The sense seems doubtful, and Murray's *Dictionary* gives little help. If it = 'coating,' 'investing,' we may cf. line 16, 'trimmed up.' Mr. Worrall thinks it may mean 'lining the side of,' from *côte*, *côtoyer*, and so be a doublet of 'coast,' and the same word as in *Hamlet*, II. ii. 330.

IV. iv. 26. *Streamers*. Inserted by Capell.

IV. iv. 45. For the ellipse of *is*, see Abbott, § 403.

IV. iv. 68. See III. iii. 137 n.

IV. iv. 104. *Holy*. Added by Capell.

IV. iv. 124. *Sound those silver wings*. If the reading is sound,

which I do not doubt (though Delius reads *strings*), the expression would seem to be a poetical prettiness for the silvered cheeks of the old man. The expression '*milk-white messengers of time*' = 'grey hairs,' is in the same taste. Cf. Lodge, *Wounds of Civil War*, p. 4 (Hunterian ed.), '*Vpon whose reverend head The milke-white pledge of wisedome sweetly spreds.*' The word seems not to be applied to hair by Shakespeare.

IV. iv. 127. *Bruis'd.* Capell's correction of *busie*, A B.

IV. iv. 134. The sense of this difficult line seems to be—' Which-ever of the two, death or life, is one's own for the moment, it is pursuing the other.' Cf. lines 158, 159 below.

IV. iv. 142. Omitted by Capell, probably rightly. The line would seem to be a variant of the preceding.

IV. v. 33. *Floor.* A B, *flower*.

IV. v. 41. *Those.* A B, *these*.

IV. v. 47. *He be*, added by Capell.

IV. v. 101, 102. *Would . . . feasted.* For the omission of *have*, cf. *Coriolanus*, IV. vi. 35.

IV. vi. 14. *With*, omitted in A B.

IV. vi. 32. *i.e.* does not fear dishonour. Cf. I. i. 144.

IV. vi. 51, 52. One is tempted to read—

'Then charge again ; we cannot lose the day,

If Heaven be not opposed.

On, away !'

IV. vii. 26. *Becoming.* Gracing, honouring (me). Cf. II. i. 395 and *Comedy of Errors*, III. ii. 11, '*Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty*'; and *Sonnets*, cl. 5, '*Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill, That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds ?*' B (followed doubtfully by Warnke and Proescholdt) gives *bemoaning*.

IV. vii. 37, 38. *i.e.* 'To prove thou art so, behold, in the kings thou hast taken captive, enough to justify the fame of a Cæsar.'

IV. vii. 40. *Royal.* A B, *loyall*.

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IV. vii. 46. Perhaps a line is lost between line 45 and line 46, and the sentence '*should be, etc.*' was not a question.

IV. vii. 59. 'Shall remain as their perpetual right or freehold.' Unless *stay* is transitive, when the sense will be, 'a perpetual right shall confirm.'

V. i. 11. A B give *allarum* as part of the line. Correction by Capell.

V. i. 72. *Of arms.* A, *at armes.*

V. i. 99. *John.* A B, *Charles.* Correction by Capell.

V. i. 138. *Here,* dissyllable. Warnke and Proescholdt follow Capell in altering *and* into *armed with.*

V. i. 154. *Sighs as black, etc.* Warnke and Proescholdt cf. *Cymbeline*, I. vi. 67; *Romeo and Juliet*, I. i. 196.

V. i. 170. *Their,* Delius's correction of *his*, A B.

V. i. 171. *Cities'*, Delius, and Warnke and Proescholdt. A B, *Citie.*

V. i. 174. *Fifty.* Collier suggests *lofty.*

V. i. 217. The patriotic prayer at the end of the play wa' in keeping with custom. The prayer for the Queen at the end of *Roister-Doister* is well known.

V. i. 233. The word *Spain*, which spoils the metre, looks like a later insertion.

V. i. 237. *Interceasing.* A, *intercession.*

V. i. 243. *i.e.* the Kings of England, France, and Scotland; Princes Edward and Philip and Queen Philippa.

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